NO. 40
PEP
JULY
COMICS
the SHIELD
AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!
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SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 19

Members of the Shield G-Man Club:

Thousands of you have written in giving us *two* constant suggestions.

One—An organized pen-pal club so that all you Shield G-Men could keep in touch with each other through the mails.

Two—A Shield G-Man code.

They're both grand ideas. But we're going to go you one better.

We're going to start a pen-pal club in code!!

Here's the way it'll work. We'll give each letter in the alphabet a number. For instance: A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4 and so on. But we'll mix in the letters of the alphabet in our code in this way. Code for CAT would be 3 (A T) or (C A) 20. The letters of the alphabet are always put in parenthesis. So far, it's very simple. But now we have a *real G-Man trick* that's right from our own files.

We'll write our messages backwards!

For instance, if we want to write CAT in code we'll do it this way: 20 (A C) = TAC which is really CAT written backward. Pretty nice, huh?

Now here's how the pen-pal page fits into the picture.

Dusty and I are going to give you some names in code. We want you members to figure out the name and address—*and write to them!*

We also want the ones who receive these letters to write to us. That way we'll know whether our code has caught on.

Here's a sample name and address to make our code clearer. Supposing I asked you to write to:

(N) 1-12 (A) . . . 14-1-25 (R)

Decoded this would read: NALA NAYR. Now just turn each word completely around—and the name becomes: *ALAN RYAN*.

Okay, that should be clear enough. Now we'll list a few names and addresses for you Shield G-Man club members to write to. Write them nice, friendly letters introducing yourselves—*and sign your names in code.*

15-18 (A) 13 . . . (Y) 18-21 (M)
450 North Cicero Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

(NOTE: The 450 is not written in code. It is the actual address of the member you are going to write to.)

And here's a second name:

2-15 (B) . . . (R) 5-12 (L) 9-13
155 Baltimore Street
Dayton, Ohio

(NOTE: The 155 is not written in code.)

Okay, Pals! Now go to it.

Sincerely
Joe Higgins

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... AGE .....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

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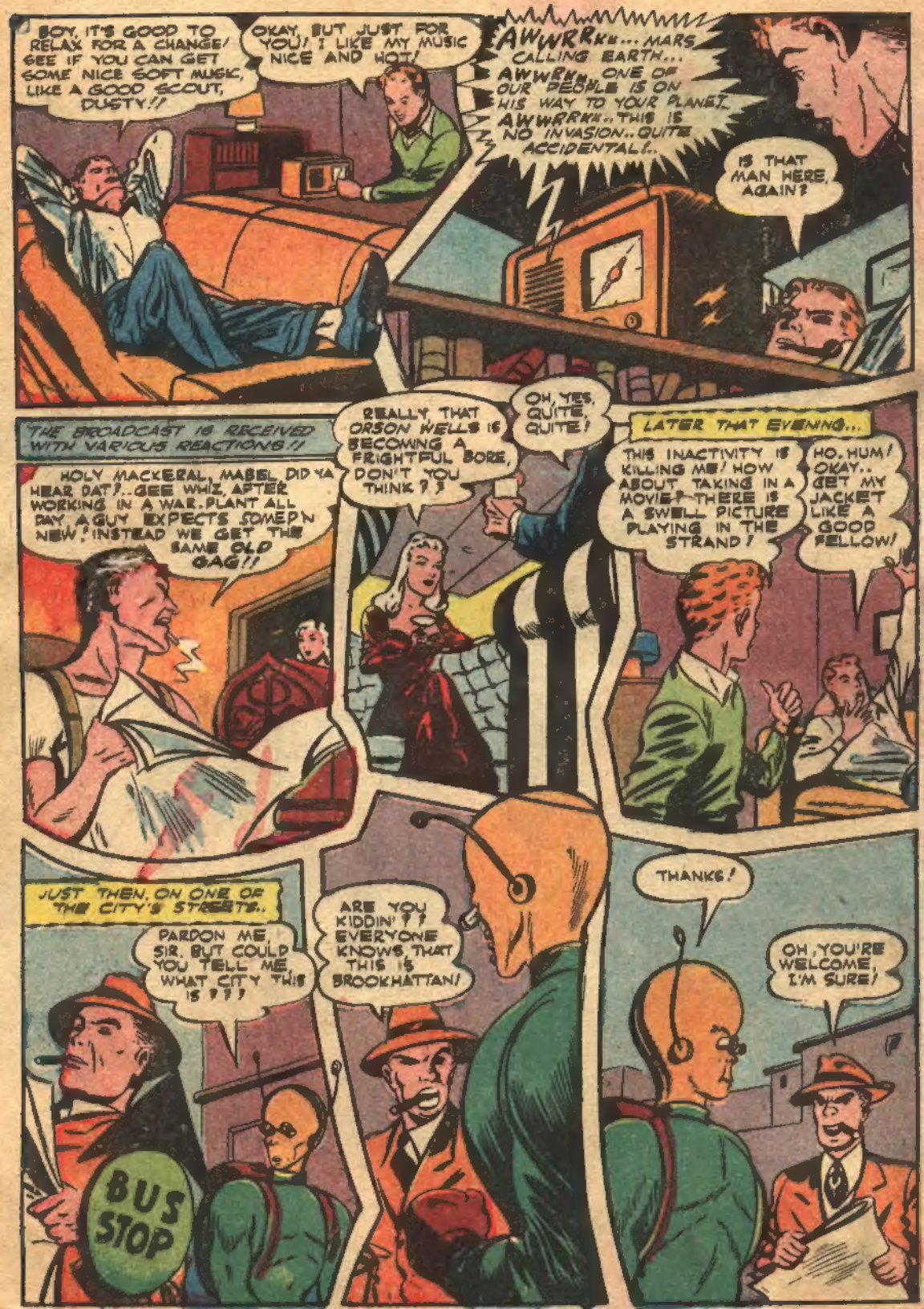
THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE
Introducing
MONSTRO
THE MONSTER FROM MARS
THE SHIELD TUNED ON HIS RADIO AND WENT BLAM-BANG INTO HIS CRAZIEST ADVENTURE! WE THINK ALL OF YOU WILL LIKE IT! WE KNOW ALL OF YOU WILL BE SHOCKED! SO STEP RIGHT UP AND MEET MONSTRO THE MONSTER FROM MARS!
JAY NOVICK

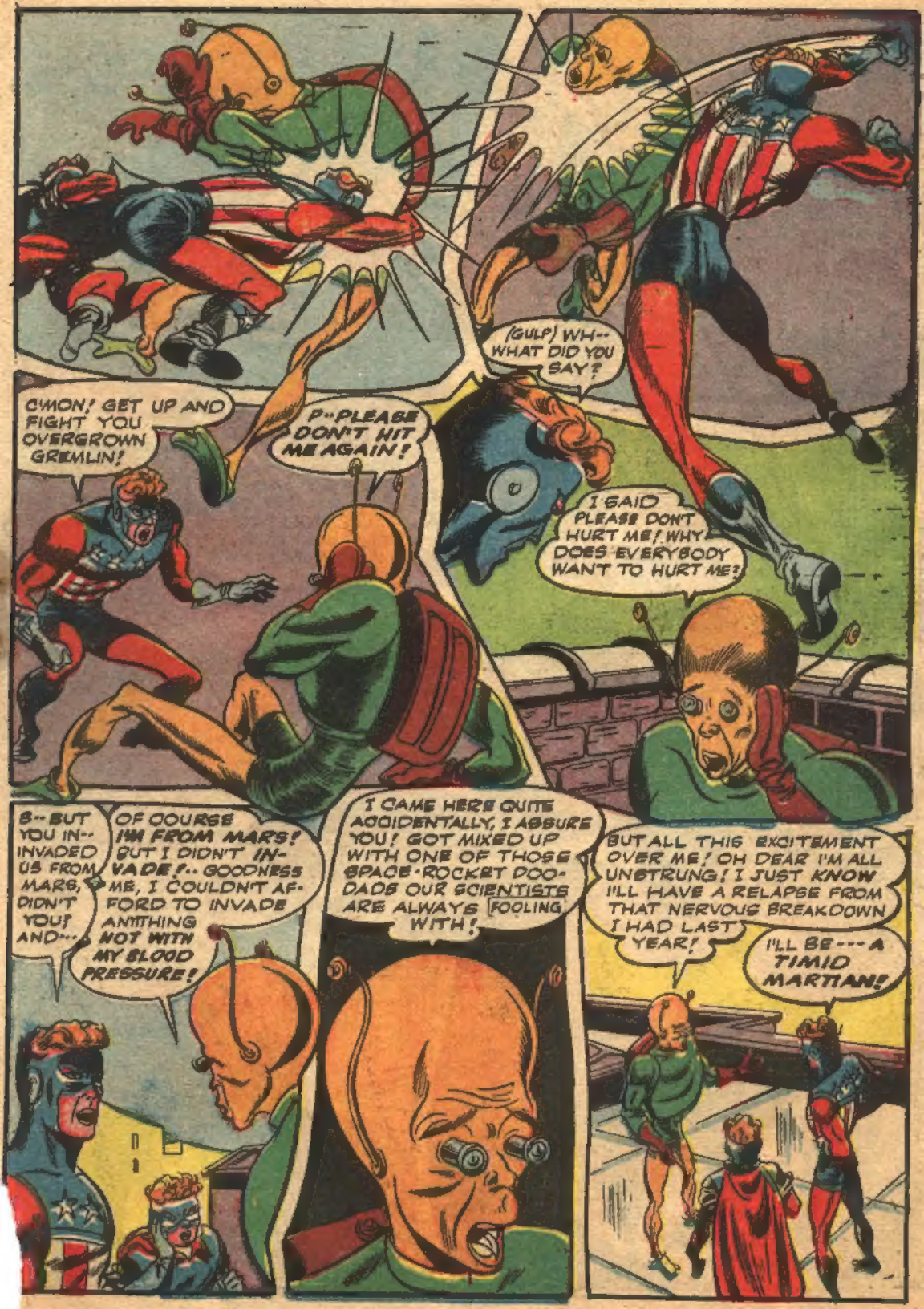

BOY, IT'S GOOD TO RELAX FOR A CHANGE! SEE IF YOU CAN GET SOME NICE SOFT MUSIC, LIKE A GOOD SCOUT, DUSTY!!
OKAY, BUT JUST FOR YOU! I LIKE MY MUSIC NICE AND HOT!
AWWRRKK... MARS CALLING EARTH... AWWRRKK... ONE OF OUR PEOPLE IS ON HIS WAY TO YOUR PLANET. AWWRRKK... THIS IS NO INVASION.. QUITE ACCIDENTAL!..
IS THAT MAN HERE, AGAIN?
THE BROADCAST IS RECEIVED WITH VARIOUS REACTIONS!!
HOLY MACKERAL, MABEL, DID YA HEAR DAT?.. GEE WHIZ, AFTER WORKING IN A WAR PLANT ALL DAY, A GUY EXPECTS SOMEP'N NEW! INSTEAD WE GET THE SAME OLD GAG!!
REALLY, THAT ORSON WELLS IS BECOMING A FRIGHTFUL BORE, DON'T YOU THINK?!
OH, YES, QUITE, QUITE!
LATER THAT EVENING...
THIS INACTIVITY IS KILLING ME! HOW ABOUT TAKING IN A MOVIE? THERE IS A SWELL PICTURE PLAYING IN THE STRAND!
HO, HUM! OKAY.. GET MY JACKET LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!
JUST THEN, ON ONE OF THE CITY'S STREETS..
PARDON ME, SIR, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME, WHAT CITY THIS IS?!?
BUS STOP
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THIS IS BROOKHATTAN!
THANKS!
OH, YOU'RE WELCOME, I'M SURE!

HEH, HEH! BOY, WHAT A JERK.
CURTIS IN
BUS TOP
HOLY CROCKEYE! WHAT WAS THAT?
I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!!
I'M OFF THE STUFF FOR LIFE!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..
GO BACK TO SLEEP, LADY, IT'S ONLY A DREAM! SURE WE LISTEN TO THE RADIO TOO.. YOU SAY YOU ACTUALLY SAW HIM! OKAY, OKAY, DON'T GET EXCITED! WE'LL SEND SOMEONE OVER!
YOU TWO BOYS GO DOWN TO VINE AND MAIN STS., AND LOOK INTO THIS, OTHERWISE THAT LADY MAY CAUSE TROUBLE! IF YOU FIND HIM, BRING HIM BACK FOR A GAME OF PINOCHLE!
OKAY, SARGE!
BUT AS THE PATROLMEN ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION..
SAINTS BE PRAISED!

FLAHRETY- PHONE FOR THE RIOT SQUAD--- I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON IT! MAY HEAVEN HAVE MERCY ON ME SOUL!
MAIN ST
WHEE E E
WE GOT 'IM SURROUNDED! CAREFUL NOW, HE MAY BE A KILLER!
CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH THAT CREATURE! I'M GONNA GIVE 'IM A COUPLA BURSTS -- HERE GOES!

HE'S GETTIN' AWAY! LET HIM HAVE IT!
GLORY BE!....THE BULLETS ARE BOUNCIN' OFF HIS BODY LIKE HE WAS MADE OF METAL!
AT THAT MOMENT, JOE AND DUSTY COMING FROM THE MOVIES SEE--
WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT, OFFICER?
LOOK UP ON THE ROOF AN' SEE FOR YERSELF, HIGGINS!
IT'S A MARTIAN INVASION - THAT'S WHAT! AN' THAT GOON'S THE VANGUARD!
JUMPING JEHOSEPHAT!
SECONDS LATER IN AN UNSEEN ALLEY--
THE SHIELD'S GOING AFTER THAT THING!
NOT WITHOUT ME, YOU AREN'T!
DUSTY, THIS MAY MEAN SURE DEATH! THERE'S NO TELLING HOW POWERFUL THAT CREATURE IS!
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES ALONG WITH YOU, SHIELD!

HE'S SOMEWHERE ON THIS ROOF! YOU TAKE ONE END, AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER --- AND FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN - DON'T TRY TO HANDLE HIM ALONE!
OH, OH --- THE SHIELD SAID TO YELL IF I SPOTTED HIM ---
SHIELD! RIGHT OVER HERE! I GOT HIM!
WHA ....
I'M COMING DUSTY! JEHOSEPAT! DUSTY'S OUT COLD!
AND THAT MONSTER IS GOING TO TOSS HIM TO CERTAIN DEATH!
SHIELD! HELP!


C'MON! GET UP AND FIGHT YOU OVERGROWN GREMLIN!
P--PLEASE DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
(GULP) WH--WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I SAID PLEASE DON'T HURT ME! WHY DOES EVERYBODY WANT TO HURT ME?
S--BUT YOU IN--INVADED US FROM MARS, DIDN'T YOU? AND--
OF COURSE I'M FROM MARS! BUT I DIDN'T INVADE!.. GOODNESS ME, I COULDN'T AFFORD TO INVADE ANYTHING NOT WITH MY BLOOD PRESSURE!
I CAME HERE QUITE ACCIDENTALLY, I ASSURE YOU! GOT MIXED UP WITH ONE OF THOSE SPACE-ROCKET DOO-DADS OUR SCIENTISTS ARE ALWAYS FOOLING WITH!
BUT ALL THIS EXCITEMENT OVER ME! OH DEAR I'M ALL UNSTRUNG! I JUST KNOW I'LL HAVE A RELAPSE FROM THAT NERVOUS BREAKDOWN I HAD LAST YEAR!
I'LL BE---A TIMID MARTIAN!

SAY! HOW DO YOU KNOW OUR LANGUAGE, ANYWAY?
WHY, THAT'S QUITE SIMPLE! I'M READING YOUR MIND! WE MARTIANS CAN DO A GOOD DEAL MORE THAN THAT! WE ALSO HAVE X-RAY VISION!
SAVINGS BANK
FOR INSTANCE, I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH THAT WALL! AT THIS MOMENT THERE ARE SOME OF YOUR FELLOW MEN WEARING MASKS OVER THEIR FACES IN THAT BUILDING!
MASKS OVER THEIR FACES! YOU KEEP AN EYE ON--ON--
MONSTRO IS MY NAME! I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU, I'M SURE!
I'M GOING OVER AND INVESTIGATE!
CUT OFF MY HAIR AND CALL ME BALDY! MONSTRO WAS RIGHT--! ROBBERS!
CRASH
(GULP) THE SHIELD!

SPLAT
WHAM
NOW I'LL JUST PUT YOU LADS IN COLD STORAGE FOR A WHILE--WHERE THE MOTHS WON'T GET AT YOU!
HELLO, POLICE! I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF BOYS AT THE FEDERAL BANK WHO CAME TO MAKE A WITHDRAWAL AFTER THE BANK HAD CLOSED!
WELL, DUSTY, MONSTRO KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT!
YOU MEAN HE ACTUALLY SAW CROOKS THROUGH THE BRICK WALL!
WHY, OF COURSE I DID! AND NOW GOOD BYE, GENTLEMEN!
JUST A MINUTE MONSTRO! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING US, YET!
WE CAN'T LET YOU GO PROMENADING AROUND THE STREETS! YOU'D CAUSE RIOTS! YOU'RE COMING DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION WITH US!
PLEASE DON'T TAKE ME TO THOSE HORRID PEOPLE! THEY FRIGHTEN ME! WHY THEY'RE EVEN LIABLE TO SHOOT AT ME AGAIN!

HERE YOU ARE CAPTAIN! WE BROUGHT YOU THE MARTIAN! HE'S YOUR HEAD-ACHE, NOW!
YOU MEAN THAT GUY! HE DON'T LOOK LIKE A MARTIAN TO ME!
WE JUST DISGUISED HIM TO AVOID TROUBLE! I'LL JUST TAKE OFF THIS COAT AND--
PRESTO-MONSTRO, THE MAGICIAN!
ARE YOU GUYS TRYIN TO BE FUNNY? WHAT MARTIAN?
HOLY CROCK-EYE! HOW DID YOU GET INTO THOSE CLOTHES? I HAD THE MARTIAN IN THERE! HE COULDN'T HAVE GIVEN US THE SLIP!
LOOK, SHIELD, AREN'T WE HAVING ENOUGH TROUBLE TRYIN' TO TRACK DOWN THAT MARTIAN WITHOUT YOU PLAYIN' PRACTICAL JOKES!
BUT-- BUT--
I CAN'T FIGURE IT! I HAD MY EYE ON HIM ALL THE WAY!
IT'S OUTTA THIS WORLD, THAT'S WHAT!
POLICE STATION
ER-- PARDON ME, SHIELD--
UNION
HERE I AM!
GO WHAT! GO AWAY, WILL YOU?

WAIT A MINUTE! JUST HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE MARTIAN ANYWAY?
WHY I'M MONSTRO! OH, I FORGOT-- MY DISGUISE! WAIT A MINUTE! I'LL SHOW YOU!
SEE! I CAN CHANGE MYSELF INTO ANY FORM I WANT! I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THE POLICE!
HOLY JOE! CHANGE RIGHT BACK AGAIN, WILL YOU! BEFORE SOMEBODY SPOTS YOU!
LATER IN THE SHIELD'S APARTMENT.
HMM--
HMM--
HEH HEH!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT BOYS! I CAN READ YOUR MINDS! YOU'RE WONDERING HOW YOU CAN SEND ME BACK TO MARS! BUT I'M NOT GOING BACK! I NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN ALL MY LIFE! I LIKE IT HERE! SO I'M STICKING AROUND!
TALK ABOUT EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS! WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GUY LIKE MONSTRO! HAVING HIM AROUND IS LIKE TAKING A BATH IN THE STREET! BUT THAT'S THE SHIELD'S AND DUSTY'S WORRY-- AND THEY'VE GOT PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN IN AUGUST PEP! BE SEEING YOU!

BANG BANG
BY BOB FUJITANI
Dear Reader,
At last I am able to release my most fantastic adventure "The Case of the Singing Corpse". Editor is a full explanation for delay in the release of this adventure. Yours mostly,
The Hangman

FOR A LONG TIME, HERBERT COOK, THE SINGING CORPSE, WAS THOUGHT TO BE A SUICIDE! ONLY THE HANGMAN THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY! IN THIS ADVENTURE HE FOLLOWED THROUGH HIS HUNCH OF MURDER, SUCCEEDED IN TRAILING THE KILLER DOWN AN EXTORTING A CONFESSION! HOWEVER THE MURDERER DENIED THIS CONFESSION ON THE TRIAL STAND, AND I THE EDITOR WAS FORCED TO WITHOLD PUBLISHING! THIS TALE UNTIL A JURY PRONOUNED A SENTENCE OF GUILTY! THE MURDERER WAS SENTENCED TO BE HANGED!

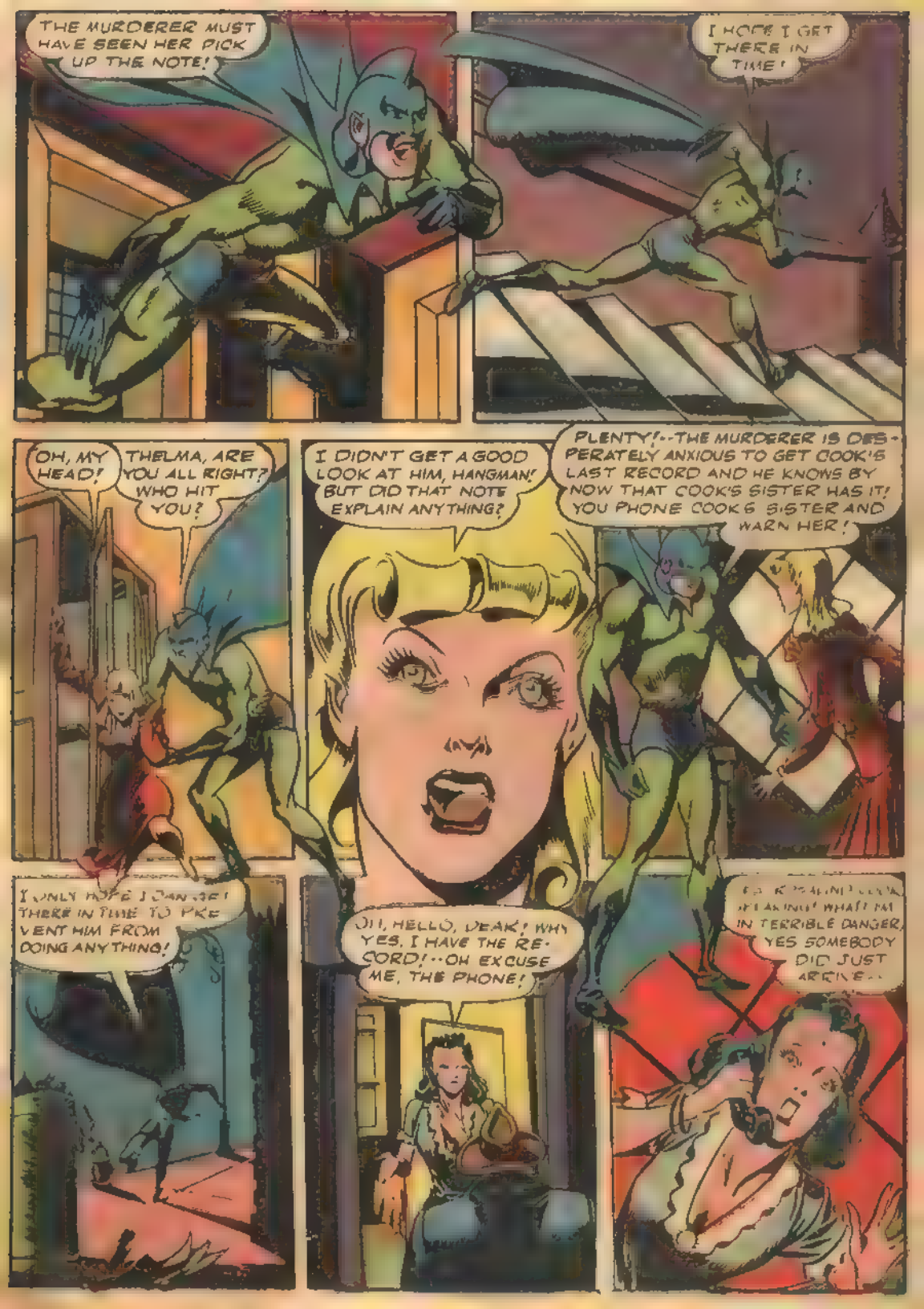
Harry Shorten

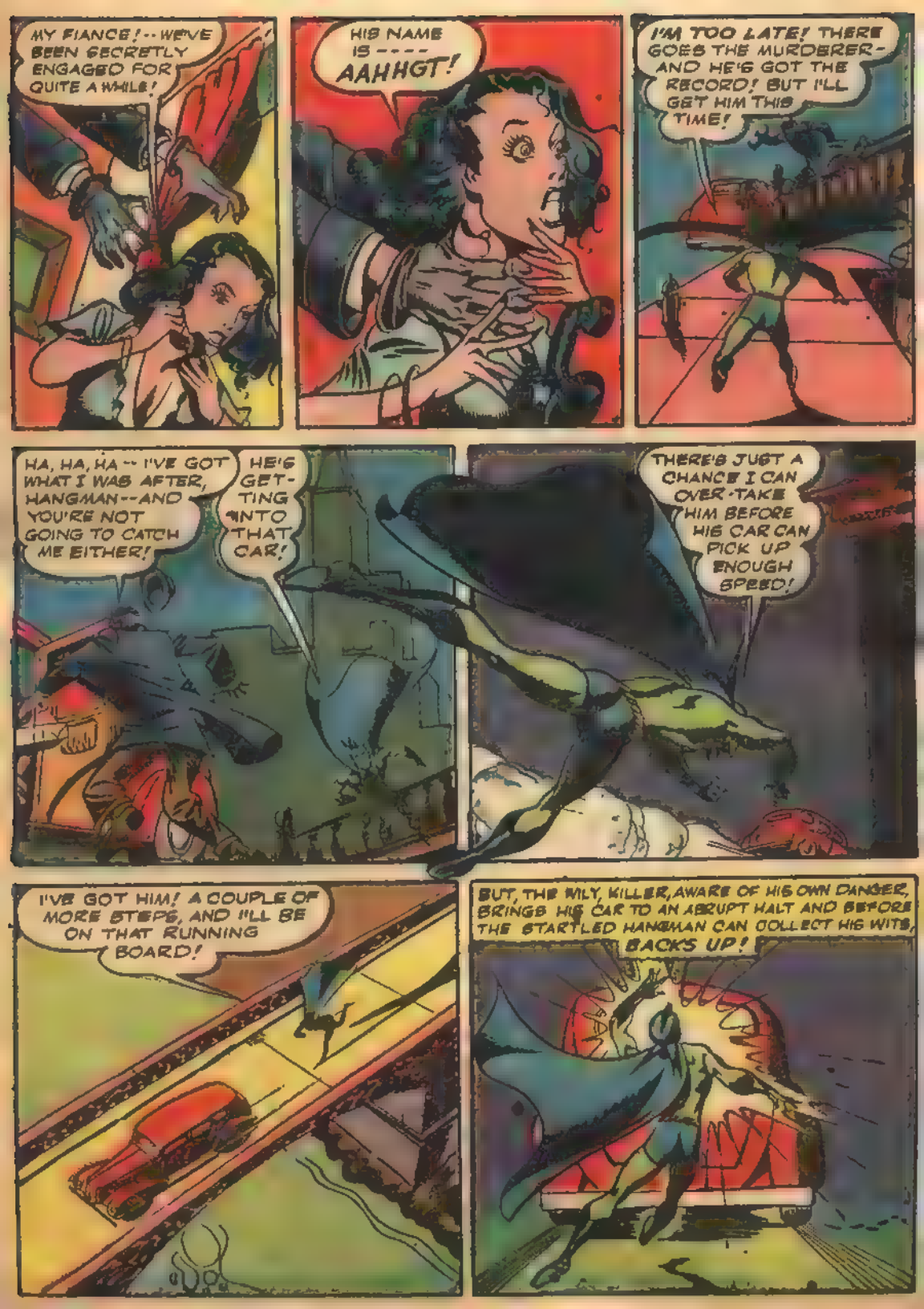
IN BOB DICKERINGS APARTMENT--
IN JUST A MOMENT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE SHALL PLAY A RECORDING OF HERB COOKS LAST SONG!
HERB COOK! ISN'T HE THE RADIO SINGER, WHO RECENTLY COMMITTED SUICIDE!?
THAT'S RIGHT! ALTHOUGH, NOBODY KNOWS JUST WHY!
AT THE RADIO STATION--
PSST--- BOB! A CALL JUST CAME IN FOR YOU!
WHAT? OH, OKAY!
IT'S FROM HERB COOK'S SISTER, ROSALIND! HERE, I WROTE IT OUT!
THANKS!
SILENTLY, A MURDEROUS FIGURE ENTERS THE SOUND BOOTH, INTENT UPON A HORRIBLE TASK---
AND AS SOON AS THE ANNOUNCER LEAVES---
NEXT- THE ANNOUNCER--

THE MURDERER GOES THROUGH THE RECORDS TAKING THE LAST RECORD LABELLED COOK.
IN THE LISTENING ROOM OF THE STATION.
WHAT'S WRONG IN STUDIO B! THE PROGRAM STOPPED AND THEY STILL HAVE HALF AN HOUR!
YOU SHOULD FIRE THAT ANNOUNCER! IT'S A DISGRACE!
PHILLIPS! SOMETHING HAPPENED IN STUDIO B! THE SPECIAL RECORDED SONG OF THAT CHAP YOU MANAGE, HERB COOK, HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED! HE'S A JINX! FIRST HE COMMITS SUICIDE AND NOW THIS PROGRAM HAS GONE WRONG! COME ALONG WITH US!
GREAT HEAVENS- THE ANNOUNCER!
AND OUR CONTROL MAN--- ALSO MURDERED!
THELMA, DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR--MURDER!
THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO THAT STUDIO AND DO SOME INVESTIGATING!

A SHORT WHILE LATER---
UGH--WHAT BUTCHERY!! HAVE THE POLICE ARRIVED YET?
NO, BUT THEY SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
SAY-- I HEARD THE ANNOUNCER MENTION A HERB COOK RECORD, BUT IT ISN'T HERE!
OH, HELLO! MIND IF I BUTT IN ON YOUR CASE?
HANGMAN, THE ONLY ONE WHO MINDS ARE THE CROOKS-NEVER THE COPS!
CHIEF, ONE OF OUR MEN JUST FOUND BEHIND THE TERRACE SHRUBBERY A HERB COOK RECORDING!
MUSTA BEEN DROPPED BY ACCIDENT!
IT WAS NO ACCIDENT! THAT RECORD WAS DELIBERATELY TOSSED AWAY BY THE MURDERER-- AND THAT MURDERER MIGHT HAVE BEEN ONE OF YOU!
PLAY THAT RECORD, WILL YOU CHIEF?
"THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE SADDLE AND BLOOD ON THE GROUND--- AND A GREAT BIG PUDDLE OF BLOOD ALL AROUND! A COWBOY LAY IN IT COVERED WITH GORE HE'LL NOT BE RIDING HIS BRONC ANYMORE!"
SAY THAT WASN'T HERB'S LAST RECORDING! WE'VE HAD THAT ONE AROUND FOR QUITE A WHILE!--- THERE'S STILL A RECORD MISSING!
MEANWHILE, THELMA, WHO HAS EDGED HER WAY INTO THE STUDIO UNSEEN, BENDS OVER ONE OF THE CORPSES AS HER EYE SPOTS SOMETHING------

A NOTE--MIGHT BE A CLUE--I'LL JUST HAVE A LOOK AT IT BEFORE I SHOW IT TO THE POLICE!
HEY, THERE, MISS GORDON, HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE? NO REPORTERS ALLOWED YET SO SCRAM!
BUT--BUT, I FOUND SOMETHING--OH, ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO!
HANGMAN, STAND BY FOR A PHONE CALL IN A FEW MINUTES!
HUH?
I'LL PHONE THE HANGMAN FROM HERE!
HELLO--HANGMAN? THE POLICE WOULDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO TELL THEM BUT I FOUND A CLUE TO THAT MISSING RECORD! I'LL READ IT TO YOU!
IT'S FROM HERB COOK'S SISTER! IT SAYS THAT SHE MADE A MISTAKE! SHE DIDN'T SEND THEM HER BROTHER'S LAST RECORD!
OOHHH!
THELMA! THELMA! WHAT'S WRONG?


THE MURDERER MUST HAVE SEEN HER PICK UP THE NOTE!
I HOPE I GET THERE IN TIME!
OH, MY HEAD! THELMA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHO HIT YOU?
I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM, HANGMAN! BUT DID THAT NOTE EXPLAIN ANYTHING?
PLENTY!--THE MURDERER IS DESPERATELY ANXIOUS TO GET COOK'S LAST RECORD AND HE KNOWS BY NOW THAT COOK'S SISTER HAS IT! YOU PHONE COOK'S SISTER AND WARN HER!
I ONLY HOPE I CAN GET THERE IN TIME TO PREVENT HIM FROM DOING ANYTHING!
HI, HELLO, DEAK! WHY YES, I HAVE THE RECORD!--OH EXCUSE ME, THE PHONE!
YES SOMEBODY DID JUST ARRIVE--


MY FIANCE!--WE'VE BEEN SECRETLY ENGAGED FOR QUITE A WHILE!
HIS NAME IS ---- AAHHGT!
I'M TOO LATE! THERE GOES THE MURDERER-AND HE'S GOT THE RECORD! BUT I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!
HA, HA, HA -- I'VE GOT WHAT I WAS AFTER, HANGMAN--AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CATCH ME EITHER!
HE'S GETTING INTO THAT CAR!
THERE'S JUST A CHANCE I CAN OVER-TAKE HIM BEFORE HIS CAR CAN PICK UP ENOUGH SPEED!
I'VE GOT HIM! A COUPLE OF MORE STEPS, AND I'LL BE ON THAT RUNNING BOARD!
BUT, THE WILY, KILLER, AWARE OF HIS OWN DANGER, BRINGS HIS CAR TO AN ABRUPT HALT AND BEFORE THE STARTLED HANGMAN CAN COLLECT HIS WITS,
BACKS UP!

MY TRICK WORKED! HE KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT, NOW TO GET RID OF HIM AND THE RECORD!
@#*!?! THE RECORD SLIPPED! NO MATTER--- THE HANGMAN'S DONE FOR ANYWAY!
BUT THE HANGMAN IS FAR FROM DONE FOR!
IT'S SO DARK, I CAN'T SEE WHICH WAY TO SWIM FOR SHORE! WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE THE PACKAGE THAT KILLER WAS CARRYING!--- UNLESS HELP COMES SOON THIS EVIDENCE'LL NEVER DO ME ANY GOOD!
A BOAT! HELP! AHOY THERE!
BILLOWIN' BILGE-WATER! IT'S THE HANGMAN!
YES THANKS FOR THE HAND BOYS! FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!
WHAT LUCK! IT'S THE RECORD-- STILL UNDAMAGED! GET ME TO SHORE FAST, WILL YOU, BOYS! I HAVE AN IMPORTANT CALL TO MAKE!
SOMETIME LATER, IN THE RADIO STUDIO--
NO GENTLEMEN IT WASN'T THE POLICE WHO ASKED YOU ALL TO GATHER HERE! IT WAS THE HANGMAN! HE KNEW YOU MIGHT NOT ALL COME UNLESS IT SOUNDED OFFICIAL!

THE HANGMAN ASKED ME TO PLAY THIS RECORD! HERB COOK'S LAST RECORD-- THE RECORD WHICH WILL EXPOSE HIS MURDERER!
THE FIRST HALF OF THE RECORD IS JUST COOK SINGING -- UNTIL HE WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE KILLER! THE KILLER DIDN'T KNOW THE RECORD WAS GOING, UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE! I'LL PLAY THE LAST HALF!
P-- PUT DOWN THAT GUN! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME -- I SWEAR I WON'T TELL ANYBODY THAT YOU -- YOU-- YOU -- YOU - YOU-- YOU --
HMM—THE RECORD SEEMS TO HAVE STUCK JUST AS IT WAS GOING TO TELL THE MURDERER'S NAME! BUT I'LL FIX THAT IN A MINUTE!
STOP! DON'T TOUCH THAT RECORD!
WH-- WHA---- THE GALLOWS!
YES, PHILLIPS, YOUR GALLOWS! I WAS IN THIS ROOM ALL THE TIME WAITING FOR THE MURDERER TO CRACK- AND YOU DID!
YOU WERE COOK'S MANAGER, PHILLIPS! WILL YOU CONFESS TO HIS MURDER OR SHALL I CONTINUE THE RECORD AND LET THE CORPSE ACCUSE YOU IN HIS OWN WORDS?

I'LL CONFESS! COOK DISCOVERED I HAD BEEN STEALING FUNDS FROM HIS ACCOUNT! HE SAID HE WAS THROUGH WITH ME AS HIS MANAGER AND THAT I HAD TO PAY BACK OR HE'D SEND ME TO PRISON! HE ALSO SAID I HAD TO BREAK MY ENGAGEMENT WITH HIS SISTER! I KNEW HE MEANT IT SO I KILLED HIM!
HANGMAN, SHALL I CONTINUE PLAYING THE RECORD?
DON'T BOTHER, THELMA! THERE ISN'T ANY MORE TO THE RECORD! IT ENDS RIGHT HERE!
YOU SEE, HERB COOK'S LAST WORDS GIVING THE MURDER'S NAME WERE NEVER RECORDED, THE RECORD RAN OUT TOO SOON! IF HE DIDN'T HAVE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE HE MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED JUSTICE! BUT HIS OWN CONSCIENCE WAS THE NOOSE THAT TRAPPED HIM!
AND SO LATER THAT EVENING, THE HANGMAN, ONCE AGAIN BOB DICKERING, ESCORTS THELMA HOME ---
NIGHT, THELMA! PLEASANT DREAMS!
BOB! NO! NO! DON'T GO! SOMEONE HAS BROKEN INTO THE APARTMENT! I'M SCARED!
GOOD HEAVENS! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING!
OOHHH!
HA, HA! WHAT A GAL YOU ARE! YOU GET UP TO YOUR EARS IN MURDER WITHOUT BATING AN EYELASH AND THEN YOU GO SIGGY ABOUT A STRAY KITTEN!

BLACKMAIL

A SHIELD STORY

JOE HIGGINS paused under a streetlight to glance at his watch. Around him swirled a thick white fog. Suddenly a short, stocky man hurried up and thrust a package into his hands. Startled, Joe held the package for a moment as the little man scuttled up the street. Then he tore a corner of it and gasped. The package contained a bundle of hundred dollar bills. Joe started in pursuit of the mysterious stranger. A few minutes later he was surprised to see the man enter the town house of Roger Callway. "Well! This is interesting," thought Joe. "What on earth is Roger Callway doing handing out packages of money to strangers? It looks like blackmail to me." Swiftly his mind recalled certain facts about Callway. He had been prominent in government work until, suddenly and inexplicably, he had changed from a clear-thinking patriot to one of the country's most rabid isolationists. He maintained his isolationist views even after Pearl Harbor, thus earning the dislike of most of his former friends.

As Joe rang the bell he wondered who could be blackmailing Callway, and for what reason. Callway answered the door himself. "Good evening, Mr. Callway. I believe you gave me this package by mistake."

Callway let out a gasp. "Mistake! You mean you weren't waiting for—" Instinctively he checked himself and said, "Er, I mean—what—er, package?"

"This package," said Joe grimly. "This package of hundred dollar bills."

"You must be mistaken," Callway exclaimed hastily. "I don't know anything about it. I haven't been out all night."

"You're lying," said Joe, sharply. "I know you've been out for your shoes are still wet. You're going to explain this money to me or to the police!"

"The police! No, no, don't do that!" gasped Callway. "I'll tell you what I can. I'm being blackmailed and I've got to pay that money on the second day of every month. I don't know what will happen because I failed to do it tonight."

"Don't worry," Joe interrupted, "today happens to be the first. This may prove to be a lucky mistake for you. If you tell me the truth, and if anything can be done, I'll get my friend the Shield to help you."

Callway's face lit up. "The Shield! Do you think he—but no, even he can't help." Callway sighed wearily. "The worst of it is that after this payment I can't raise another cent. Maybe I'd better tell you about it. Come inside." In a tired voice Callway spoke. "Most people have forgotten that I had a young son. He was aboard the Athenia when it was torpedoed in '39. After months of hoping he might have been saved I gave him up for dead. Then one

day a stranger came and told me he had been picked up by a German submarine and was being held in a German concentration camp. If I wished him to remain alive he told me I had to pay ten thousand dollars a month for his upkeep, and also use my position to influence people of this country not to enter the war.

"I became furiously angry and threatened to go to the authorities but he laughed and said if I did, no one would believe me, and my son would be killed. It left me with no choice."

"H'm," said Joe, as Callway paused, "how do you know your son is alive?"

With shaking hands Callway held out several pictures. "These pictures. You see, I demanded proof at least every six months."

Joe examined the pictures thoughtfully and then asked if he might borrow one. As he prepared to leave he said, "make the payment as usual tomorrow night, and I'll see that the Shield is there. He'll find a way to help."

The next night the Shield crouched in a doorway. When he saw Callway make the payment he sprang out and overpowered the blackmailer. Hastily he went through the thug's pockets until he found an envelope in one pocket. Then he turned to Callway and handing him a gun he found in the Nazi agent's possession, he told him to guard him 'till a policeman came.

Callway turned on the Shield and spoke bitterly. "The police could have done this! Now my son will be killed."

"I can't explain," shouted the Shield as he sped away, "but I'll get your son."

* * *

The next day the Shield arrived in a small town called Woodstock. His first stop was the postoffice where he asked the postmistress if she recognized the handwriting on the envelope taken from the blackmailer. "Why, yes," she exclaimed. "It's Bill Cramer's. He lives on the top of Ohayo Mountain."

A short time later the Shield approached the Cramer farm. A burley man came out and ordered him to leave. Then a second man carrying a shotgun appeared. Before he could raise it the Shield leaped upon him. There was a bitter struggle as the men used every vicious trick they knew to disable him, but the Shield finally overpowered them. Then he burst into the house and after a hasty search found Donald Callway locked in a small basement room. After dragging the two captors of Donald to the sheriff's office, the Shield and the boy hurried back to the city.

At the sight of his son, Roger Callway nearly fainted. "But how did you know he wasn't in Germany, Shield?"

The Shield grinned. "The pictures gave me the clue. I wondered how they smuggled them in. Then I looked closely at the one Joe Higgins borrowed, and noticed something. I magnified the picture and found a typical American RFD box in the background. The envelope postmarked Woodstock that I took from the blackmailer's pocket furnished the right location. You see, Donald was picked up by a German Sub, but they landed him in America in the custody of these three Nazi agents. It was a lucky mistake that you made when you paid your blackmail money the wrong day! You have your son, and the government has three Nazi prisoners!"

CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS
THE CONGA GOES TO WAR!
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE CASTAWAYS ON AN ISLAND OF SAVAGE HEAD HUNTERS? YOU DON'T KNOW EH? WELL HERE'S A TIP! DO THE CONGA! NO WE'RE NOT CRAZY! THAT'S WHAT CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS DO- AND IT SAVED THEIR LIVES!! YOU SEE IT HAPPENED THIS WAY-- WELL, SUPPOSE YOU READ THIS CRAZY ADVENTURE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!!
IRV NOVICK

CALLING THE RUSSIAN PACIFIC FLEET-- TRY TO LOCATE SURVIVORS OF BRITISH TRANSPORT SUNK BY U-BOAT OFF THE SOLOMONS!
CHINA CALLING..... NO TRACE AS YET OF SURVIVORS OF BRITISH TRANSPORT!- WILL KEEP SEARCHING!
AUSTRALIA CALLING..... WILL KEEP ON LOOKOUT FOR SURVIVORS... AFRAID IT'S HOPELESS THOUGH!
AND IN ENGLAND--
WELL IT LOOKS BLACK FOR THE TRANSPORT, ALL RIGHT- LUCKY THE REST OF THE CONVOY GOT AWAY!
BEASTLY LUCK! I'LL SHOW THESE REPORTS TO THE GENERAL!
.... AND AMONG THE THE MISSING, SIR, ARE CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS!
JOVE! THAT IS A BLOW! THEY WERE A PRICELESS TEAM!
IT'S RATHER A SLIM CHANCE-- BUT IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THAT IF THERE ARE ANY SURVIVORS STILL AFLOAT THEY MAY HIT....
.... SOME UNCHARTED ISLAND THAT EXISTS IN THIS VICINITY RIGHT NEAR WHERE THEY SUNK!

NOW WE TAKE YOU BACK 48 HOURS.. SOMEWHERE ON THE VAST PACIFIC.....
WE GOT OFF THAT SHIP NONE TOO SOON... THERE SHE GOES.. DOWN TO DAVEY JONES' LOCKER.
JOVE! THE REST OF THE CREW WASTED NO TIME GETTING AWAY FROM HERE.. NOT A SIGN OF THEM AROUND!
THEY WEREN'T TAKING ANY CHANCE OF BEING SHELLED BY ANY SUBS THAT MIGHT BE HANGING AROUND!
ANYWAY, WE GOT ONE OF DEM SUBS! BOY, IT SURE WUZ A BEEOOTIFUL SIGHT TO SEE DAT — BOAT GO BBWN!
LOOK, FELLOWS.. SOMEONE FLOATING ON A LOG!
WHY, IT'S A JAP! DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE, CAPTAIN?
WE CAN'T LET HIM DROWN..... LEND A HAND LADS!

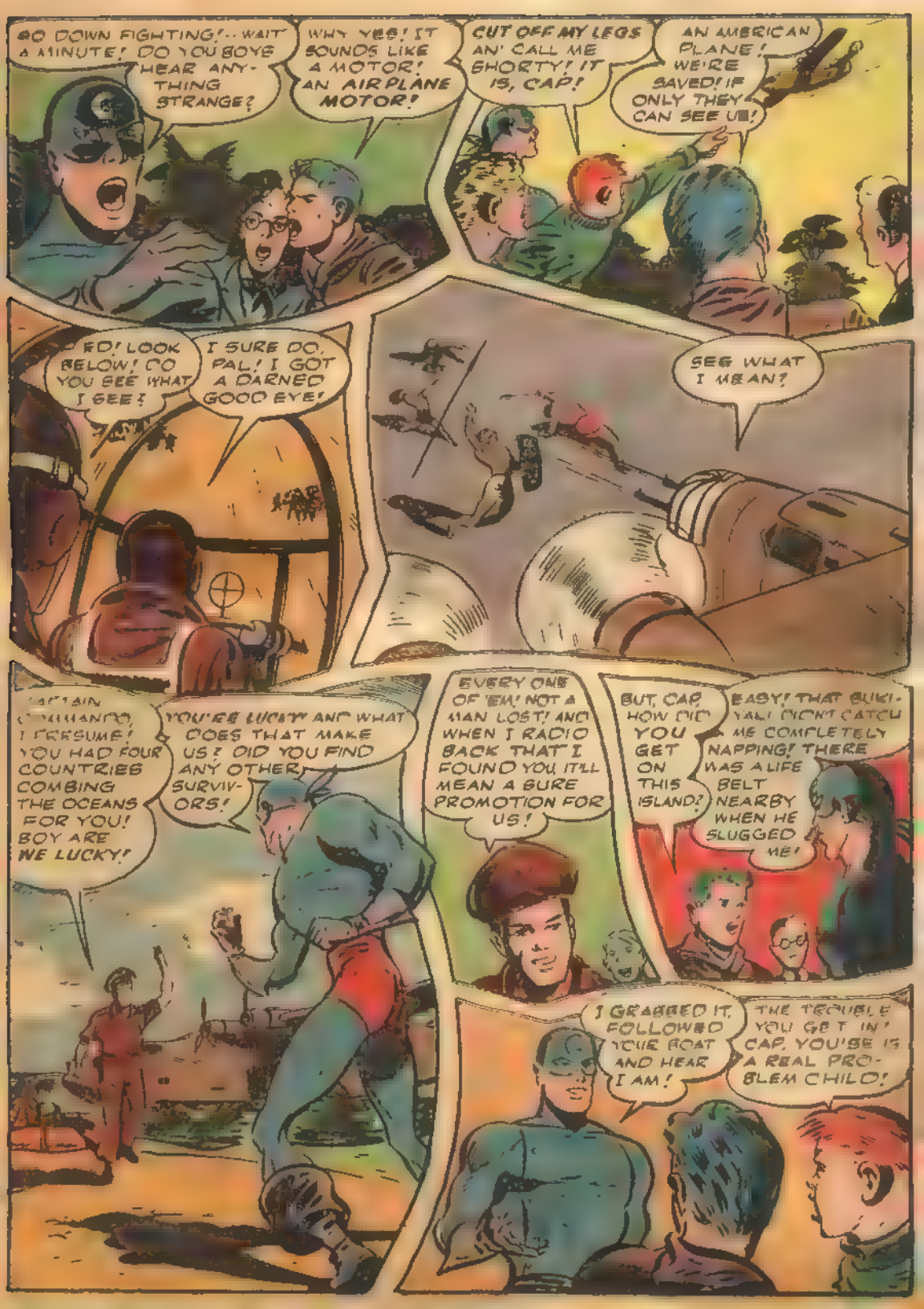
HAND ME THAT FIRST-AID KIT.... THAT'S A NASTY GASH HE HAS IN HIS HEAD!
HEY, CAP! LOOK AT THESE PAPERS I FOUND IN HIS POCKET!
WELL I'LL BE... HE'S THE CAPTAIN OF THE U-BOAT WE SANK!
HE IS? THROW 'IM OVERBOARD! LET HIM DROWN LIKE A RAT!
NO, FLATBUSH! WE'RE NOT THE SAME KIND OF JUNGLE BEASTS THESE KILLERS ARE!
HEY, CAP! MR. SUKI-YAKI HERE HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUNESS!
LOOK, SLANT-EYES, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT OUR LOCATION IS! WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO HELP!
AW, YER WASTIN' YER TIME, CAP! HE JUST DON'T SAVVY OUR LINGO!
HMM. I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU KIDS GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE.. I'LL KEEP WATCH!

POOR LADS·· THEY'RE EXHAUSTED·· (YAWN) KINDA TIRED MYSELF- MUSTN'T SLEEP THOUGH.. NOT WITH THIS JAP AS OUR GUEST!
SAY··· WHAT'S THIS RUDDER WOBBLING FOR? I HOPE IT DOESN'T GO ON THE BLINK!
NEXT MORNING··
HEY, WHAT IS THIS? WHERE'S CAP?
HONORABLE CAPTAIN IS BY NOW VERY MUCH ASLEEP IN THE DEEP!
WHY YOU DIRTY RAT, YA KILLED THE CAPTAIN!
NOW THE REST OF YOU PLEASE TO PICK UP PADDLES AND PROCEED TO MOVE RUBBER BOAT IN SUCH DIRECTION AS I SHALL ORDER!
YES, YOU FOOLS! I KNOW JUST WHERE WE ARE! KEEP PADDLING OR I WILL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU ALL!

AH· EXACTLY AS I EXPECTED··· I SAW THIS ISLAND WHEN MY SUB ATTACKED YOUR BOAT!
NO, DON'T BOTHER TO GET OUT OF HONORABLE BOAT! YOU HAVE ALREADY SERVED MY PURPOSE. SO·····
YA···· YA·· WOULDN'T SHOOT US DOWN IN COLD BLOOD···· NOT AFTER WE SAVED YER LIFE?
HA, HA, HA, THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I INTEND TO DO WHITE PUPS!
NOW YOU D···· UGH!
ULP·!· FROM THE FRYIN' PAN INTO THE FIRE, FLATBUSH!
YOU'RE TELLIN' ME, BILLY, AND FROM THE LOOKS OF 'EM WE'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF IN THE FRYIN' PAN!
WELL, ANYWAY THEY KILLED THAT DIRTY JAP!
YEAH! DAT'S SUMPIN'!
WELL, HERE WE ARE! THAT IDOL MUST BE THEIR GOD!
YEAH- AND THOSE POTS OF HOT WATER AIN'T THERE TO KEEP HIM WARM!
PSST··· BILLY! DAT DRUM··· YER SPECIALTY, REMEMBER?
HOLY SMOKE! YOU MEAN··· IT MIGHT WORK AT TAMT··· ANYWAY WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE!

HEY, CONGA! LA CONGA!!
OH-HO " LA CONGA COME AN' DO THE CONGA
WE GOT 'EM, BILLY " DESE SAVAGES LIKE TO SWING IT OUT." AND IF IT'LL KEEP 'EM HAPPY."
BWANA! MALU BWANA!
OH, OH, DAT GUY LOOKS LIKE THEIR MEDICINE MAN-- AND HE DON'T LIKE CONGAS!"
KANGA! KANGA!
S S LONG, FLATBUSH, PERCY AND ARMAND, THIS IS OUR FINISH!"
BUT BEFORE THE CANNIBALS PUT THE BOYS TO THEIR DEATH THE HIGH PRIEST PERFORMS A RITUAL BEFORE THE IDOL!
AND SUDDENLY TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE NATIVES THE IDOL SPEAKS!!
MUMBO! JUMBO! B.O.!

AM-SCRAY, YOU HEATHENS! GO GET YOURSELVES A BOX OF CRISPY CRUNCH IF YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE BREAKFAST!
D..DAT VOICE! IT..IT'S DE CAP'S BUT-BUT... HOW..
WOW-- ARE DEY SCARED! LOOK AT DEM RUN!
THE MEDICINE MAN, BRAVER THAN THE OTHERS, LOOKS BEHIND THE IDOL--AND FINDS--
PEEK-A BOO!
MANYA! WAMBO KWANE! BINGO!!
GEE, CAP! HOW THE--- WHA---THE- WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
NEVER MIND THAT NOW--- WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
THAT MEDICINE MAN YELLED LOUD ENOUGH TO BE HEARD IN MINNESOTA-- THEY'LL BE ON OUR TAILS, SOON!
OH, OH! SOONER THAN I THOUGHT!
WHAT'LL WE DO NOW! WE'RE CORNERED! DERE'S NO PLACE TO RUN OR HIDE!
8

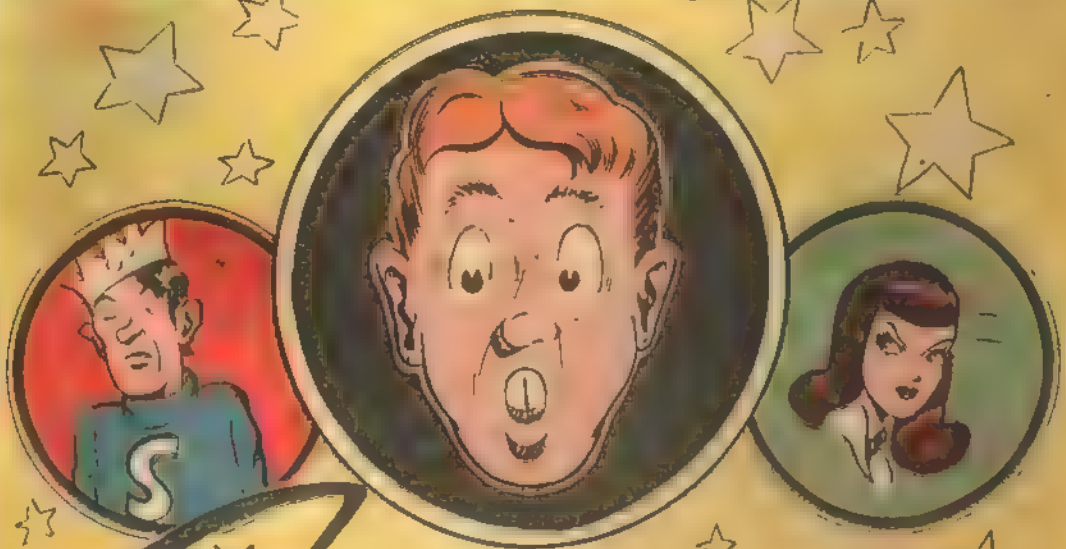

GO DOWN FIGHTING!.. WAIT A MINUTE! DO YOU BOYS HEAR ANYTHING STRANGE?
WHY YES! IT SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR! AN AIRPLANE MOTOR!
CUT OFF MY LEGS AN' CALL ME SHORTY! IT IS, CAP!
AN AMERICAN PLANE! WE'RE SAVED! IF ONLY THEY CAN SEE US!
ED! LOOK BELOW! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
I SURE DO, PAL! I GOT A DARNED GOOD EYE!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
CAPTAIN COMMANDO, I PRESUME! YOU HAD FOUR COUNTRIES COMBING THE OCEANS FOR YOU! BOY ARE WE LUCKY!
YOU'RE LUCKY! AND WHAT DOES THAT MAKE US? DID YOU FIND ANY OTHER SURVIVORS!
EVERY ONE OF 'EM! NOT A MAN LOST! AND WHEN I RADIO BACK THAT I FOUND YOU, IT'LL MEAN A SURE PROMOTION FOR US!
BUT, CAP, HOW DID YOU GET ON THIS ISLAND?
EASY! THAT BUKI-YALI DIDN'T CATCH ME COMPLETELY NAPPING! THERE WAS A LIFE BELT NEARBY WHEN HE SLUGGED ME!
I GRABBED IT, FOLLOWED YOUR BOAT AND HERE I AM!
THE TROUBLE YOU GET IN', CAP, YOU'RE A REAL PROBLEM CHILD!

A SMASHING SUCCESS!

The New

Archie

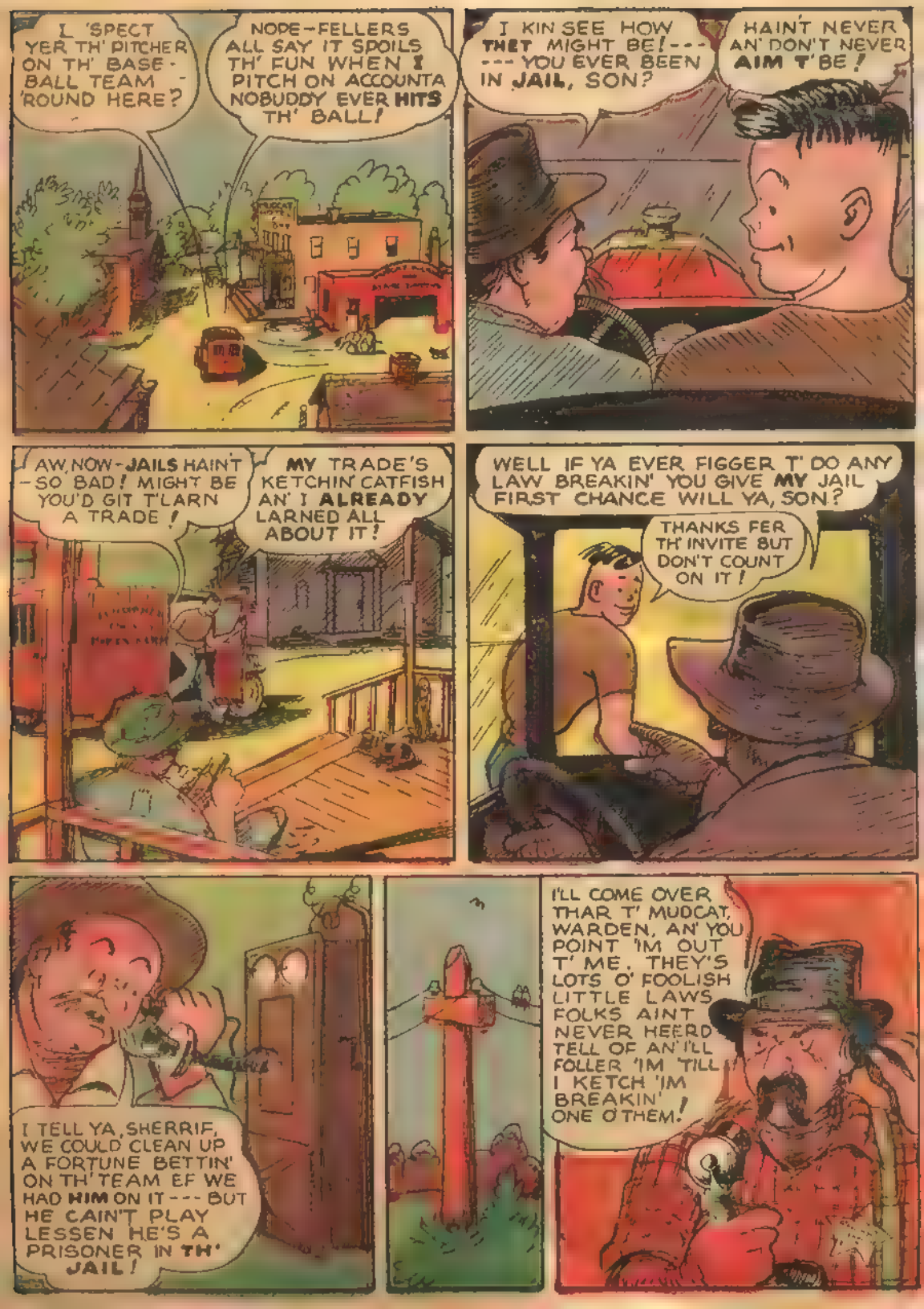
Comics

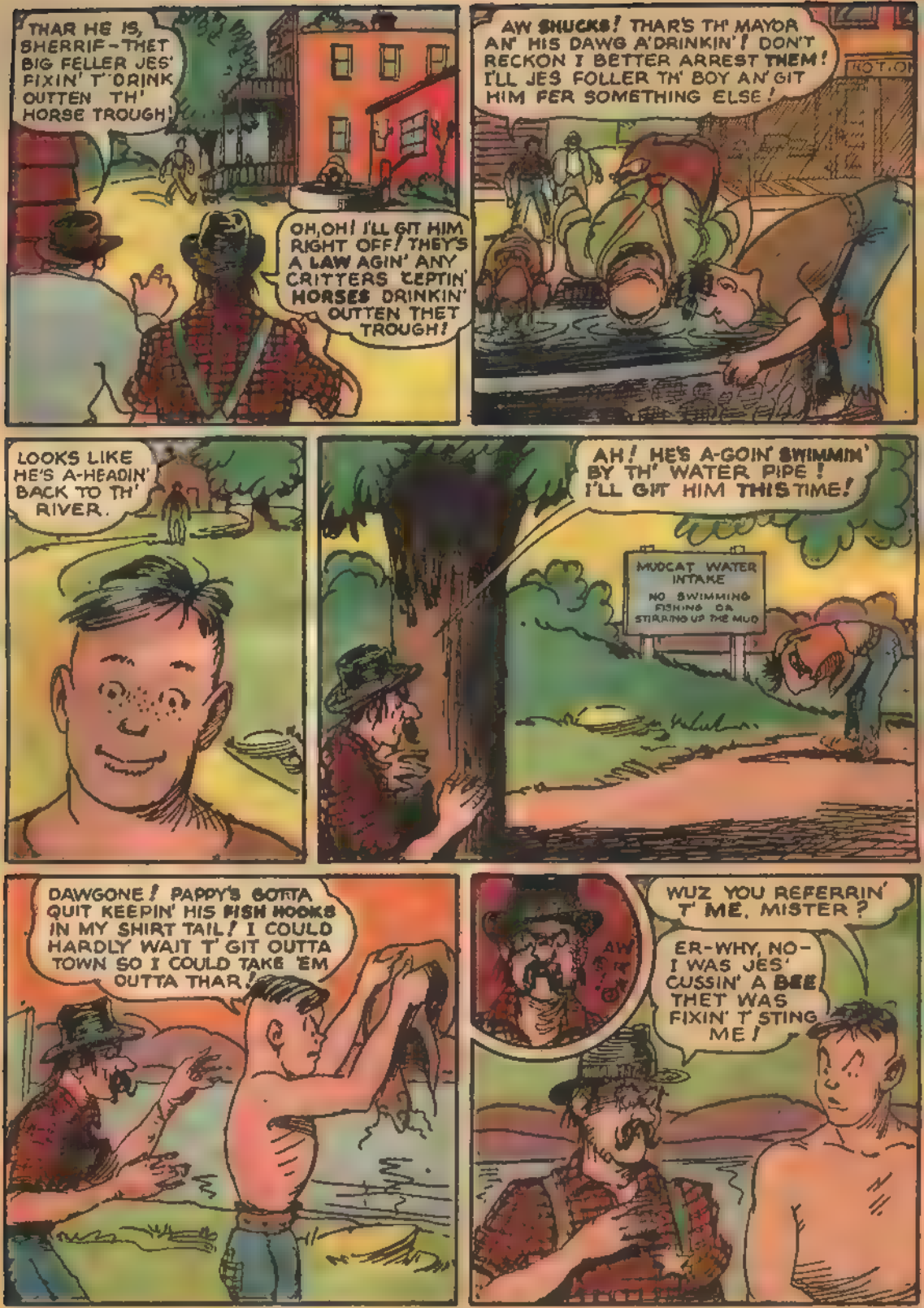


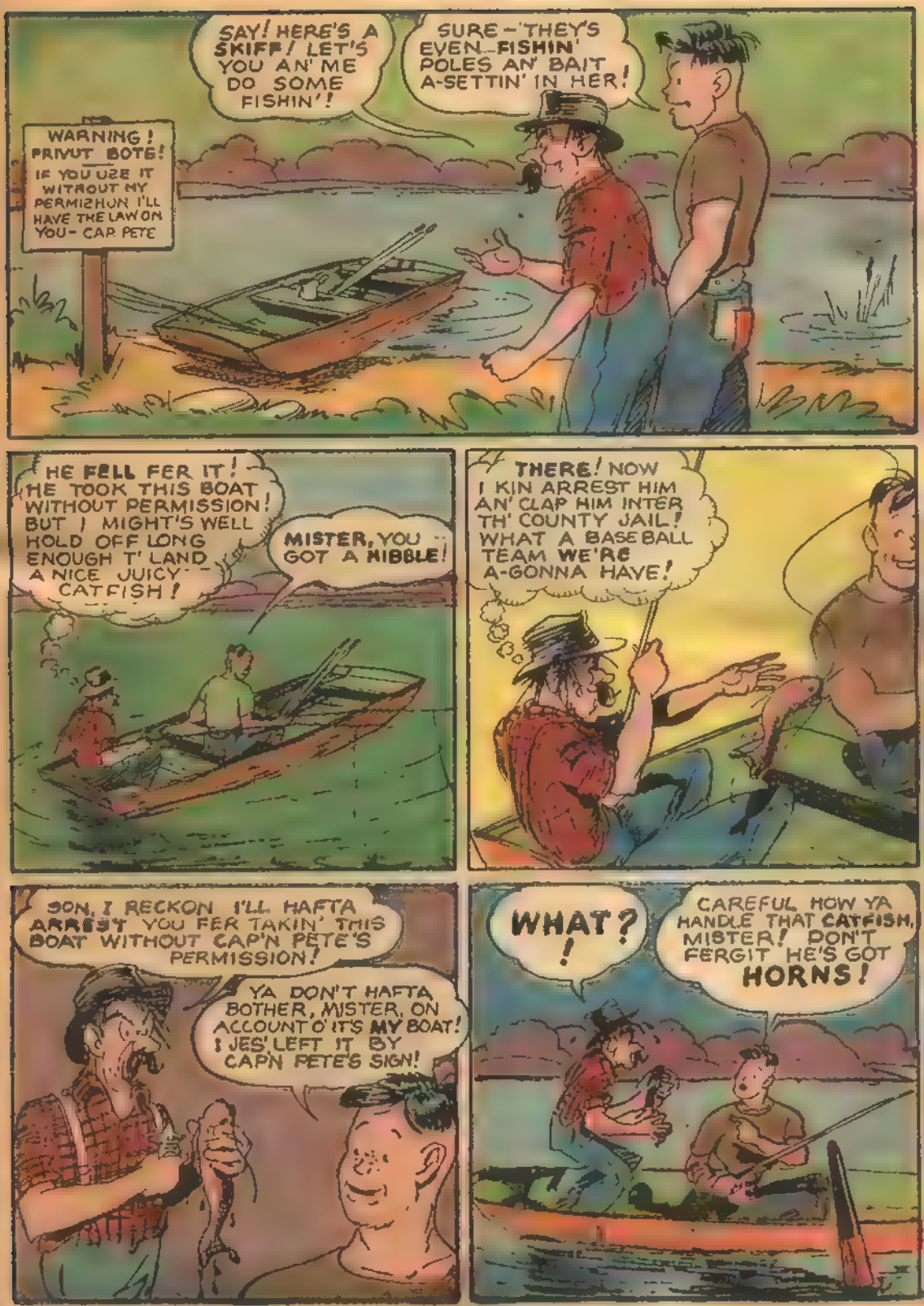
The Mirth of a Nation

Catfish Joe
By Larry Harris
THE SHANTY BOAT HOME OF CATFISH JOE - MOORED IN A SHADY SPOT ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI JUST ACROSS THE LEVEE FROM THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF MUDCAT
SON-AS SOON AS YOU FINISH MILKIN' HYACINTH YOU GIT ON OVER T' MUDCAT AN' TRADE THESE CATFISH FER SOME GRITS
OKAY MAMMY
ORANGES
GOSH, JOE, THET BIG OL' HAWK GRABBED MY PAPPY'S TOUPEE AN' SKEDADDLED! I RECKON HE THOUGHT IT WAS A RABBIT!
REACH ME A ROCK, ALEX, I'LL FIX 'IM!
WOW! WHAT A LUCKY SHOT! I SHORE WISH TH' PITCHER ON TH' PRISON BASEBALL TEAM WUZ AS LUCKY AS THET!
FENOOKEE COUNTY PRISON FARM
8

SON, I BET YOU WUZ AS SURPRISED AS THET HAWK WUZ WHEN YOU AKCHURLY HIT 'IM!
NOPE - I WARN'T SU'PRISED! I WAS AIMIN' T' HIT 'IM!
AIMIN' HAINT ALWAYS DOIN'! EF YER SO GOOD LET'S SEE YA PEPPER THAT FELLER!
I HAINT GOT NOTHIN' AGIN HIM! BUT I'LL BUST THET LIMB JES' ABOVE HIS HAID!
SNAP
GOSH, SON, HOW'D YA EVER LARN T' DO THET?
THROWIN' ROCKS AT TOWBOAT HANDS! THEY ALLUS USTA COME IN CLOSE SO THEIR WAVES WOULD MAKE TH' SHANTY BOAT JUMP!
HA, HA! I'LL BET THEY STAY WAY OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE O' TH' CHANNEL NOW!
THEY SHORE DO! -- MIND EFFEN I RIDE ALONG WITH YOU FAR AS TH STORE, MISTER?


I 'SPECT YER TH' PITCHER ON TH' BASE-BALL TEAM 'ROUND HERE?
NOPE—FELLERS ALL SAY IT SPOILS TH' FUN WHEN I PITCH ON ACCOUNTA NOBUDDY EVER HITS TH' BALL!
I KIN SEE HOW THET MIGHT BE!--- --- YOU EVER BEEN IN JAIL, SON?
HAINT NEVER AN' DON'T NEVER AIM T' BE!
AW, NOW—JAILS HAINT—SO BAD! MIGHT BE YOU'D GIT T'LARN A TRADE!
MY TRADE'S KETCHIN' CATFISH AN' I ALREADY LARNED ALL ABOUT IT!
WELL IF YA EVER FIGGER T' DO ANY LAW BREAKIN' YOU GIVE MY JAIL FIRST CHANCE WILL YA, SON?
THANKS FER TH' INVITE BUT DON'T COUNT ON IT!
I TELL YA, SHERRIF, WE COULD CLEAN UP A FORTUNE BETTIN' ON TH' TEAM EF WE HAD HIM ON IT--- BUT HE CAIN'T PLAY LESSEN HE'S A PRISONER IN TH' JAIL!
I'LL COME OVER THAR T' MUDCAT, WARDEN, AN' YOU POINT 'IM OUT T' ME. THEY'S LOTS O' FOOLISH LITTLE LAWS FOLKS AINT NEVER HEERD TELL OF AN' I'LL FOLLER 'IM 'TILL I KETCH 'IM BREAKIN' ONE O' THEM!


THAR HE IS, SHERRIF - THET BIG FELLER JES' FIXIN' T' DRINK OUTTEN TH' HORSE TROUGH!
OH, OH! I'LL GIT HIM RIGHT OFF! THEY'S A LAW AGIN' ANY CRITTERS 'CEPTIN' HORSES DRINKIN' OUTTEN THET TROUGH!
AW SHUCKS! THAR'S TH' MAYOR AN' HIS DAWG A'DRINKIN'! DON'T RECKON I BETTER ARREST THEM! I'LL JES FOLLER TH' BOY AN' GIT HIM FER SOMETHING ELSE!
LOOKS LIKE HE'S A-HEADIN' BACK TO TH' RIVER.
AH! HE'S A-GOIN' SWIMMIN' BY TH' WATER PIPE! I'LL GIT HIM THIS TIME!
MUDCAT WATER INTAKE
NO SWIMMING FISHING OR STIRRING UP THE MUD
DAWGONE! PAPPY'S GOTTA QUIT KEEPIN' HIS FISH HOOKS IN MY SHIRT TAIL! I COULD HARDLY WAIT T' GIT OUTTA TOWN SO I COULD TAKE 'EM OUTTA THAR!
AW SHUCKS!
WUZ YOU REFERRIN' T' ME, MISTER?
ER-WHY, NO - I WAS JES' CUSSIN' A BEE THET WAS FIXIN' T' STING ME!


SAY! HERE'S A SKIFF! LET'S YOU AN' ME DO SOME FISHIN'!
SURE—THEY'S EVEN FISHIN' POLES AN' BAIT A-SETTIN' IN HER!
WARNING! PRIVUT BOTE! IF YOU UZE IT WITROUT MY PERMIZHUN I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU— CAP. PETE
HE FELL FER IT! HE TOOK THIS BOAT WITHOUT PERMISSION! BUT I MIGHT'S WELL HOLD OFF LONG ENOUGH T' LAND A NICE JUICY CATFISH!
MISTER, YOU GOT A NIBBLE!
THERE! NOW I KIN ARREST HIM AN' CLAP HIM INTER TH' COUNTY JAIL! WHAT A BASEBALL TEAM WE'RE A-GONNA HAVE!
SON, I RECKON I'LL HAFTA ARREST YOU FER TAKIN' THIS BOAT WITHOUT CAP'N PETE'S PERMISSION!
YA DON'T HAFTA BOTHER, MISTER, ON ACCOUNT O' IT'S MY BOAT! I JES' LEFT IT BY CAP'N PETE'S SIGN!
WHAT?!
CAREFUL HOW YA HANDLE THAT CATFISH, MISTER! DON'T FERGIT HE'S GOT HORNS!

OW!
HEY! LOOK OUT! YER A-LOSIN' YER CATFISH!
CAREFUL, MISTER, YER A-CRACKIN' THAT CHANNEL MARKER! NOW I RECKON I GOTTA ARREST YOU!
BOY, STOP YER CRAZY TALKIN AN COME GIT ME OUTTA HERE!
CRACK
I WARN'T A-TALKIN' CRAZY MISTER! A GOV'MENT MAN GIMME THIS BADGE AN' SAID IF I SEED ANYBUDDY A-MESSIN' ROUND A CHANNEL MARKER I SHOULD ARREST 'EM AN' TAKE EM IN TO TH' U.S. MARSHAL!
NO, WARDEN, I DIDN'T GIT HIM — HE GOT ME! AN' YOU BETTER GIT ON OVER HERE AN' BAIL ME OUT AN' BRING ALONG A DOCTOR AN SOME DRY CLOTHES!
I SAY THERE — YOUNG MAN!
WELL! WHAT'S COOKIN' WITH THIS QUEER OLD GENT? MEET US HERE NEXT MONTH AND FIND OUT!
KIRK & HARRIS

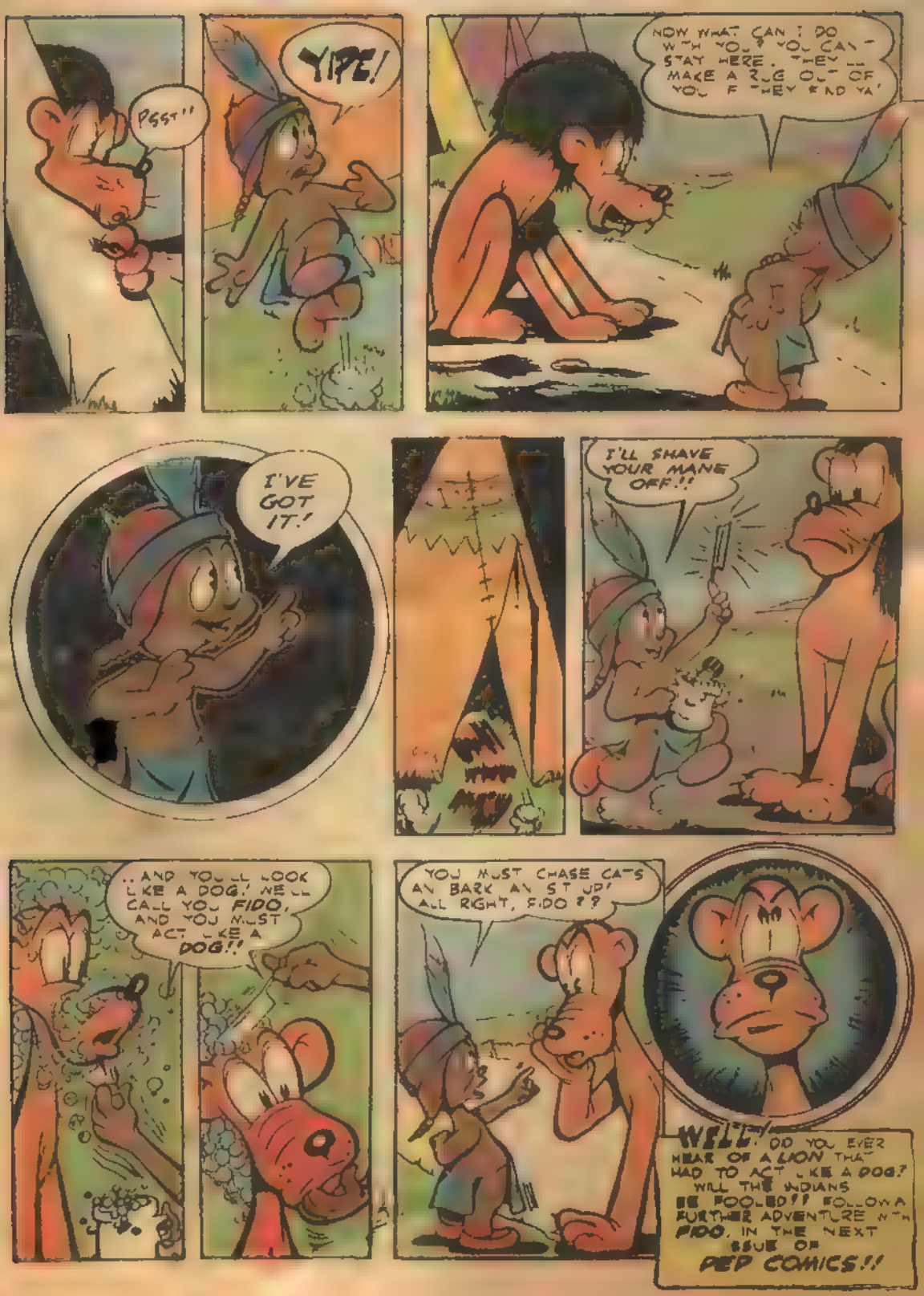
Lil Chief
BUGABOO
YELP!

ULP
LION! LION! MOUNTAIN LION!
HELP!! HELP!!
ZIP
PHOOEY!
PURRRRRR

OH! YOU HAVE A THORN IN YOUR PAW!!
THERE, NOW IT'S OUT.. ISN'T THAT MUCH BETTER?
SLURP
WELL I'M GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU.. GUESS I'D BETTER MOVE ALONG NOW. SOLONG!
BOY... I SURE WAS LUCKY TO GET RID OF THAT GUY.. HE HAD ME WORRIED!
HEY! YOU CAN'T COME HOME WITH ME! GONAN, SCRAM SCAT!!

NOW GO HOME!
BOP
ALL RIGHT, YOU B.G SISSY,.COME ON.. I'LL USE YOU FOR MY HORSE!!..
COME ON, GET UP!
THE FOLKS PROBABLY WILL GET A KICK OUT OF YOU.. WE NEED A GOOD MOUSE CATCHER AROUND THE WIGWAM!!
HELLO, MAMA! I WANT YOU TO MEET A FRIEND OF MINE!!

HOW!
WOW?
SPLASH
HELP! HELP!! MOUNTAIN LION!
I'D BETTER SCRAM, BIG CAT!
BANG
MILK
KRYCHUM MOUNTAIN LION! SHOOTUM! KI.. YI..YI. LION!
OH WELL, I'M GLAD THE BIG PEST IS GONE! BUT HE WAS SORTA NICE!...

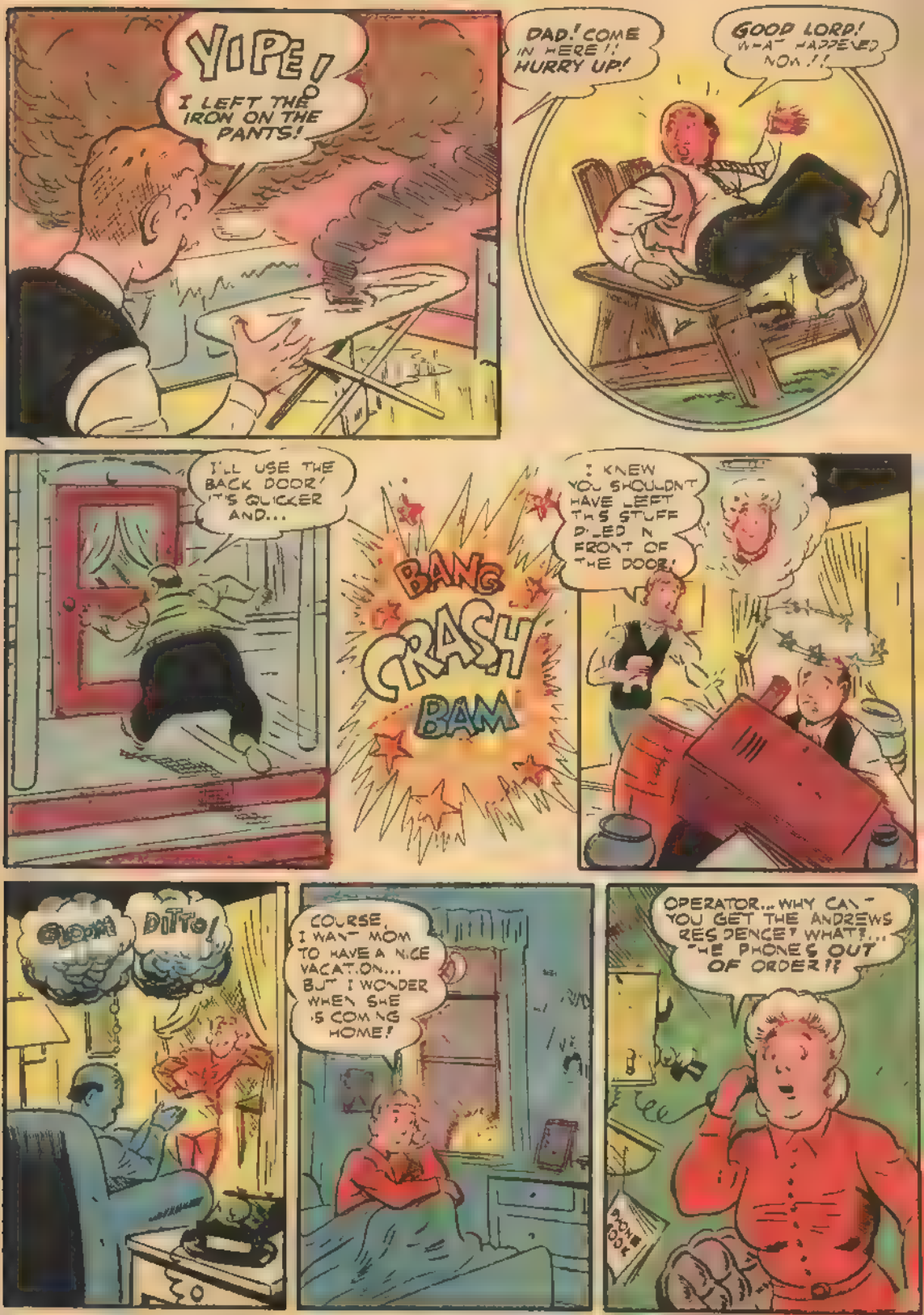

PSST!!
YIPE!
NOW WHAT CAN I DO WITH YOU? YOU CAN'T STAY HERE. THEY'LL MAKE A RUG OUT OF YOU IF THEY FIND YA'
I'VE GOT IT!
I'LL SHAVE YOUR MANE OFF!!
..AND YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A DOG! WE'LL CALL YOU FIDO, AND YOU MUST ACT LIKE A DOG!!
YOU MUST CHASE CATS AN BARK AN STUFF! ALL RIGHT, FIDO??
WELL! DO YOU EVER HEAR OF A LION THAT HAD TO ACT LIKE A DOG? WILL THE INDIANS BE FOOLED!! FOLLOW A FURTHER ADVENTURE WITH FIDO, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!!

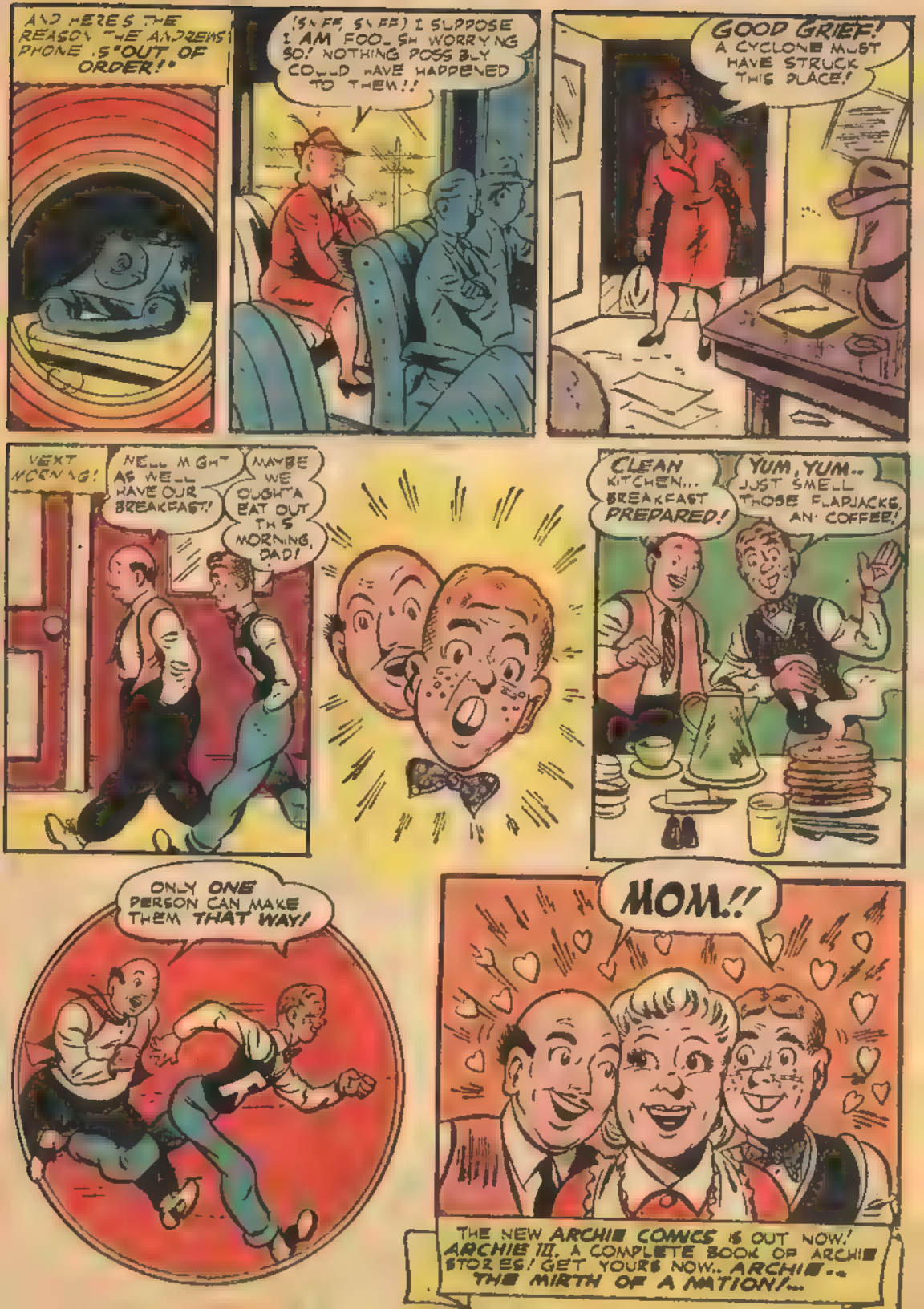
Archie
VERDALE
NOW NOW, MOTHER! THAT'S NO WAY TO START YOUR VACATION! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT I TELL YOU!!
SURE, MOM! YOU CAN REST UP AT UNCLE FRED'S FARM WITH AN EASY MIND! SHUCKS, THERE'S NOTHING TO TAKING CARE OF A HOUSE!
I..I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT! (SNIFF)(SNIFF), BUT I'VE NEVER LEFT YOU TWO ALONE, AND...
GOOD BYE, BOYS TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER NOW!
DON'T FORGET TO CALL US WHEN YOU ARRIVE!
JUST REST AND RELAX, MOM!
THAT'S A WOMAN FOR YOU, HUH, DAD?.. WHY COMPARED TO THE BIG THINGS WE MEN HAFTA DO HOUSEKEEPIN' WILL BE AS EASY AS ROLLING OFF A LOG!!
TWO DAYS LATER...
G-GOSH, WE'RE OUT OF CLEAN DISHES! LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO WASH SOME!!
ARCHIE... D'YOU KNOW WHERE MY SHIRT, AND SOCKS ARE?!

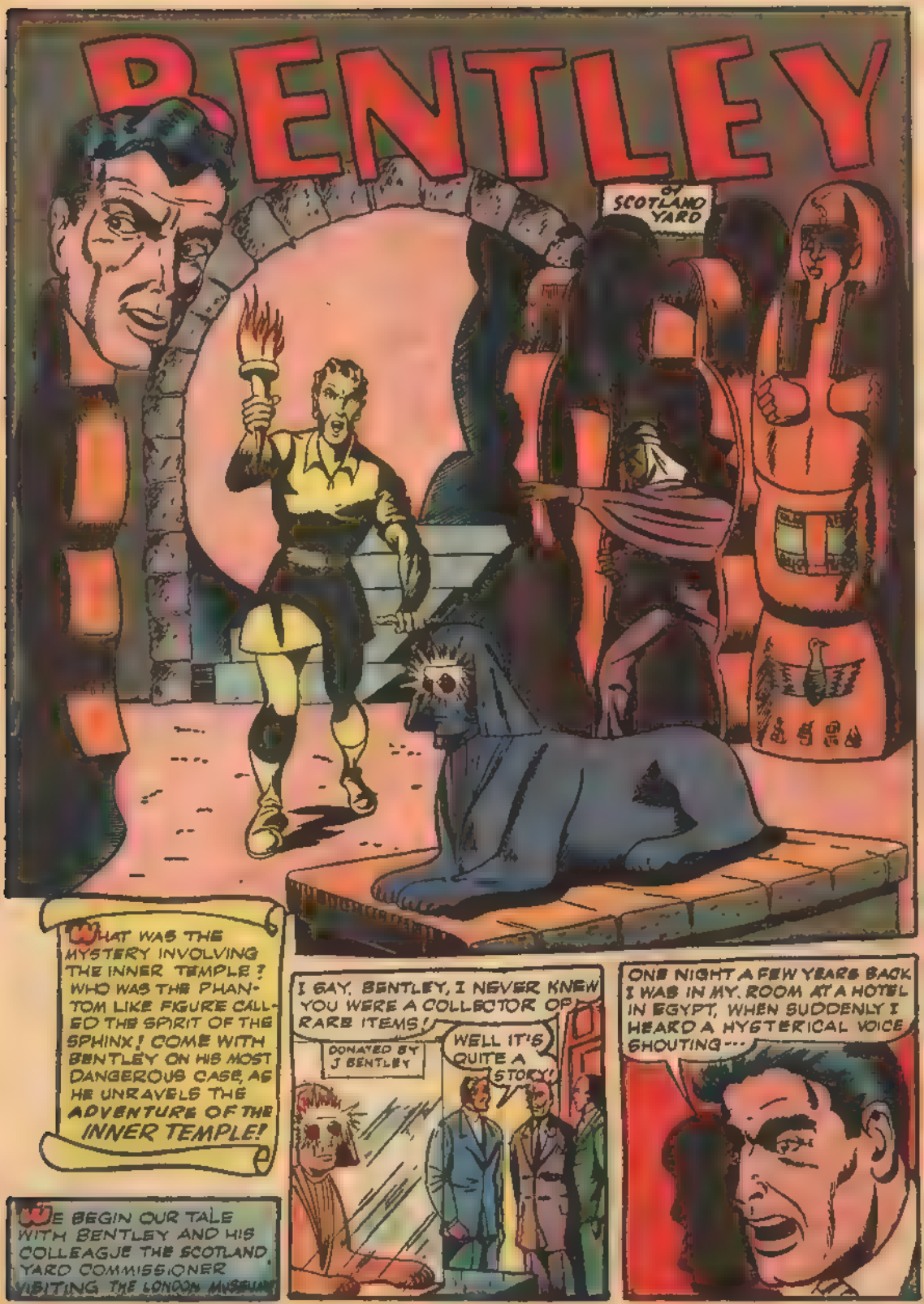
ER.. THE PLACE IS GETTING A LITTLE MESSY! DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO CLEAN UP A BIT, ARCHIE??
SURE, DAD, TOMORROW!
I THINK I'LL CALL UP YOUR MOTHER, ARCHIE.. JUST TO FIND OUT HOW SHE IS, OF COURSE'
OH, SURE!.. AND I'D LIKE TO TALK TO HER TOO, WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH... JUST A COUPLE OF THINGS I WANT TO KNOW!!
..AND MOM WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE RATION COUPONS, MY SWEAT SOX, DAD'S HOUSE SLIPPERS, AND OSCAR'S DOG FOOD! OH YES..AND WHAT DO YOU CLEAN THE RUG WITH, WHEN THE VACUUM CLEANER'S BROKEN?.. HUH?...OH EVERYTHING'S JUST DANDY HERE! NOT A THING TO WORRY ABOUT!
STILL ANOTHER DAY PASSES AND THE ANDREWS DOMICILE STILL REMAINS UNCHANGED.. BUT ONLY FROM THE OUTSIDE...
HO-HUM...
THINK I'LL PREPARE SOME BREAKFAST THIS MORNING!!
CRASH BAM BANG BING POW
HEY, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE.. FIBBER MC GEE!!

SERVES YOU R.GHT! I TOLD YOU A WEEK AGO TO STRAIGHTEN THIS CLOSET OUT!
WELL DO IT R GHT NOW DAD!
BUT DAD, WE CAN'T LEAVE ALL TH S JUNK PILED HERE N THE HALL!
ONLY UNTIL I CLEAN SOME JUNK OUT OF THE ATTIC AND MAKE SOME ROOM - NOBODY EVER USES THAT BACK DOOR ANYWAY!!
WELL, I'LL MAKE SOME GRIDDLE CAKES, WHILE DAD IS CLEANING THE ATTIC!!
POW
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS? (THUMP) OOO MY LEG!
SHORT CIRCUIT! MUST HAVE BLOWN A FUSE, DAD!!
WELL, THE SUN'LL BE UP SOON, ANYHOW!.. AN' THIS CANDLE WILL GIVE US ENOUGH LIGHT MEANWHILE!
JUST WHAT IS THAT MESS YOU RE MAKING?
GRIDDLE CAKES! HOW DO THEY TASTE, DAD?!
NOT BAD, IF I DR NK MY COFFEE FAST... F.RST TIME I VE EVER HAD BREAKFAST BY CANDLELIGHT!
LATER.
WELL, MIGHT AS WELL REALLY GET TH S HOUSE STRAIGHTENED OUT.. ONCE AND FOR ALL!
OKAY, DAD! YOU DO T! I LL PREPARE THE LUNCH!

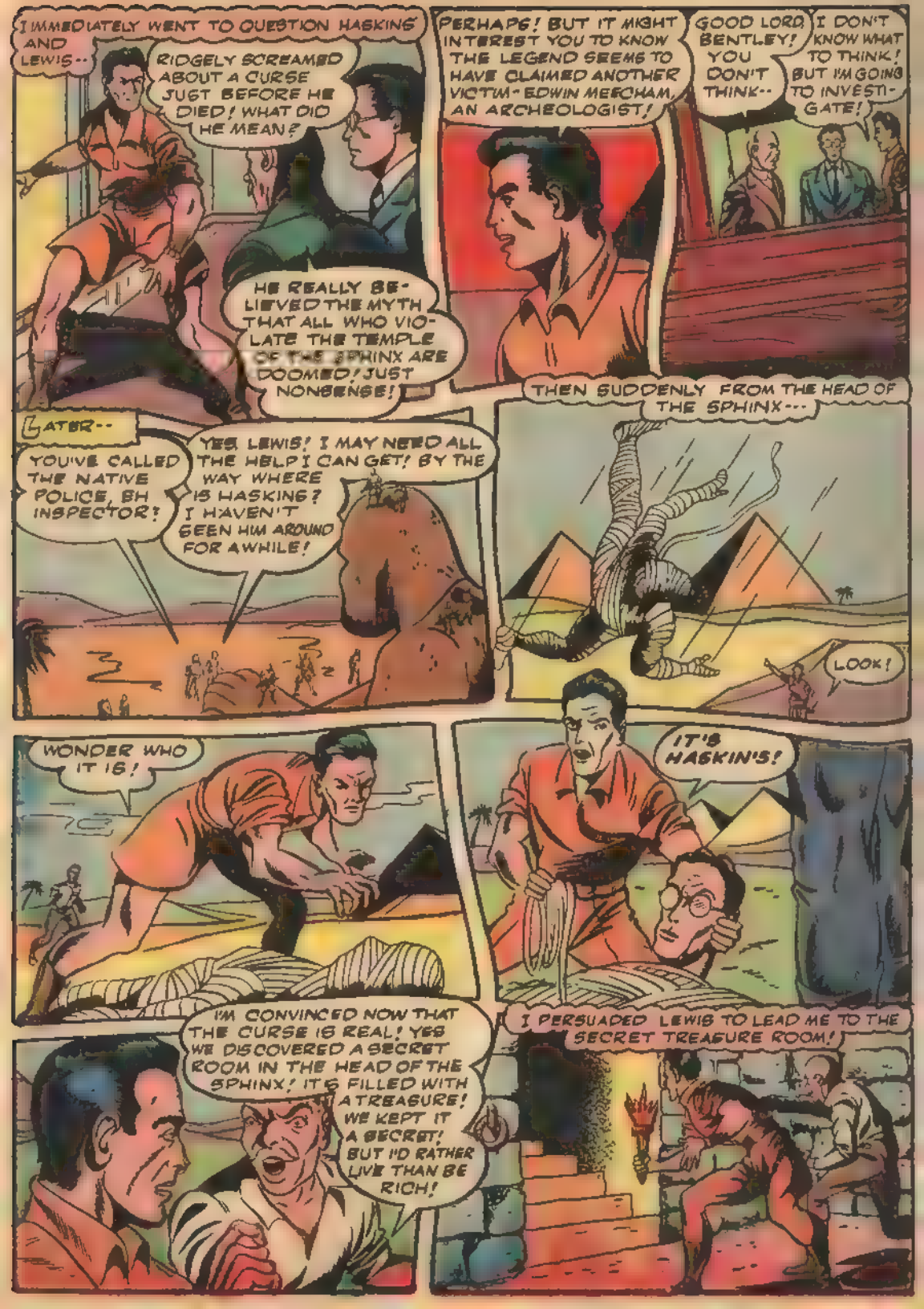
FIRST I'LL DO SOME WASHING! WOMEN DON'T KNOW WHAT A SNAP THEY HAVE JUST TAKING CARE OF THE HOUSE!!
CHIPS
THAT'S FUNNY! THIS NEVER HAPPENED WHEN MOTHER WASHES! I WONDER IF I DID SOMETHING WRONG!
MEANWHILE..
THERE!.. THAT DOES IT! NOW I'LL JUST PUT IT IN THE POT, AND LET IT COOK!
COOK
MIL
AND WHILE I'M WAITIN' FOR THE STEW TO GET DONE, MIGHT AS WELL PRESS DAD'S PANTS!
CRASH
BONK
WHAT'S THAT! SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE BACK YARD!
WHAT HAPPENED ???
I.. TRIPPED !!!
HERE YOU BETTER TAKE IT EASY FOR A WHILE, DAD!
OOO.. MY BACK! CONFOUND THAT WASH LINE! WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE IN SUCH AN INCONVENIENT PLACE??
I BETTER GET BACK AND FINISH UP!!

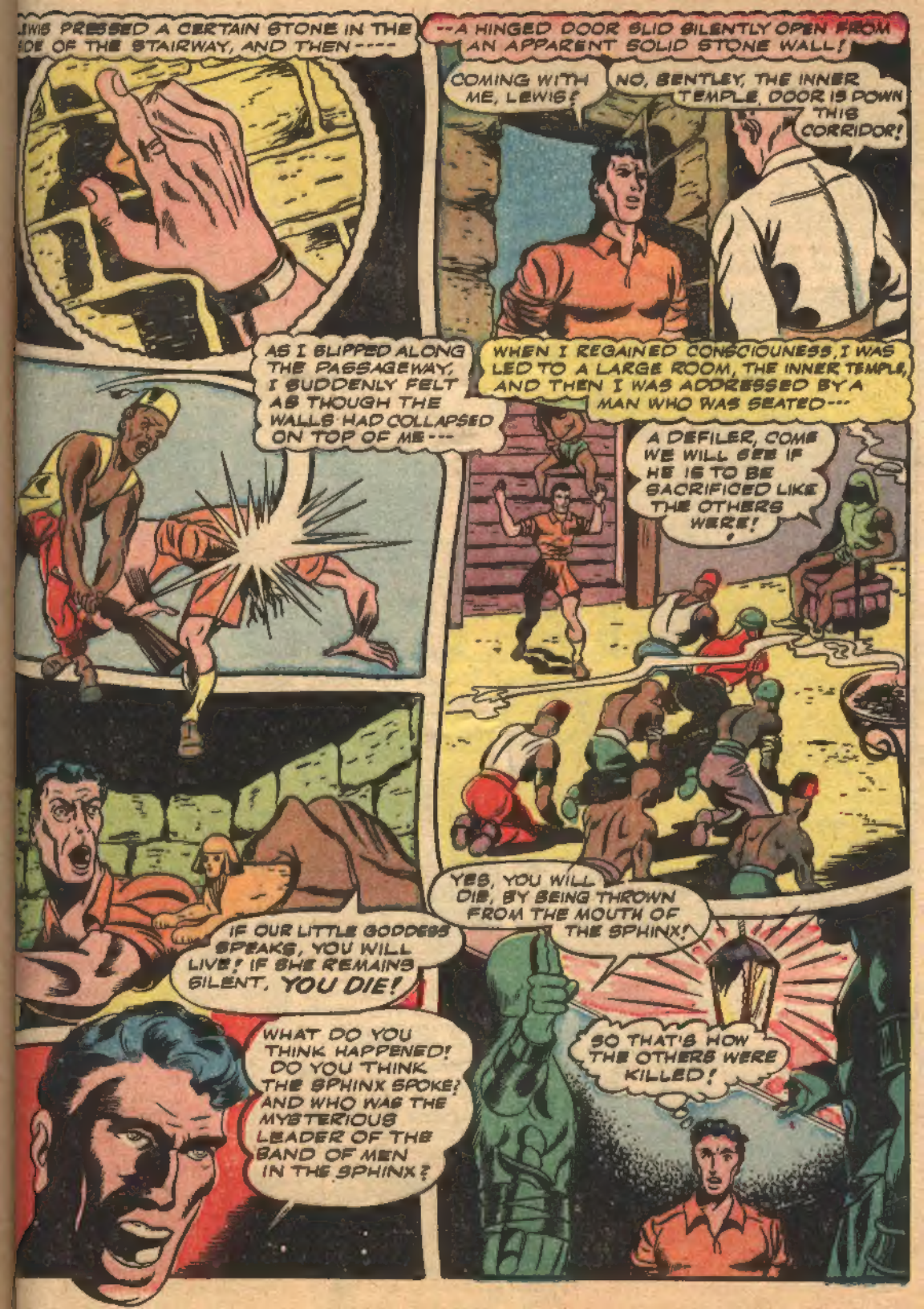

YIPE!
I LEFT THE IRON ON THE PANTS!
DAD! COME IN HERE!! HURRY UP!
GOOD LORD! WHAT HAPPENED NOW!!
I'LL USE THE BACK DOOR! IT'S QUICKER AND...
BANG
CRASH
BAM
I KNEW YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THIS STUFF PILED IN FRONT OF THE DOOR!
GLOOM
DITTO!
COURSE, I WANT MOM TO HAVE A NICE VACATION... BUT I WONDER WHEN SHE'S COMING HOME!
OPERATOR... WHY CAN'T YOU GET THE ANDREWS RESIDENCE? WHAT?... THE PHONE'S OUT OF ORDER!?
PHONE BOOK


AND HERE'S THE REASON THE ANDREWS' PHONE IS "OUT OF ORDER!"
(SNIFF, SNIFF) I SUPPOSE I AM FOOLISH WORRYING SO! NOTHING POSSIBLY COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM!!
GOOD GRIEF! A CYCLONE MUST HAVE STRUCK THIS PLACE!
NEXT MORNING!
WELL MIGHT AS WELL HAVE OUR BREAKFAST!
MAYBE WE OUGHTA EAT OUT THIS MORNING, DAD!
CLEAN KITCHEN... BREAKFAST PREPARED!
YUM, YUM.. JUST SMELL THOSE FLAPJACKS AN' COFFEE!
ONLY ONE PERSON CAN MAKE THEM THAT WAY!
MOM!!
THE NEW ARCHIE COMICS IS OUT NOW! ARCHIE III, A COMPLETE BOOK OF ARCHIE STORIES! GET YOURS NOW.. ARCHIE -- THE MIRTH OF A NATION!...


BENTLEY
OF SCOTLAND YARD
WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY INVOLVING THE INNER TEMPLE? WHO WAS THE PHANTOM LIKE FIGURE CALLED THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX! COME WITH BENTLEY ON HIS MOST DANGEROUS CASE, AS HE UNRAVELS THE ADVENTURE OF THE INNER TEMPLE!
I SAY, BENTLEY, I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE A COLLECTOR OF RARE ITEMS!
DONATED BY J BENTLEY
WELL IT'S QUITE A STORY!
ONE NIGHT A FEW YEARS BACK I WAS IN MY ROOM AT A HOTEL IN EGYPT, WHEN SUDDENLY I HEARD A HYSTERICAL VOICE SHOUTING---
WE BEGIN OUR TALE WITH BENTLEY AND HIS COLLEAGUE THE SCOTLAND YARD COMMISSIONER VISITING THE LONDON MUSEUM

THE CURSE OF THE SPHINX IS UPON US FOR TRESPASSING AND INVADING THE INNER TEMPLE! WE SHALL ALL DIE! HA, HA, HA!
DON'T BE SILLY, RIDGELY! IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION!
BUT I SAW THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX! I'M LEAVING BEFORE IT GETS ME!
HASKINS AND LEWIS ARE RIGHT, RIDGELY!
THE NEXT DAY THE ENTIRE HOTEL WAS AGOG WITH THE NEWS THAT THE HYSTERICAL MAN, RIDGELY, HAD COMMITTED SUICIDE! HIS CLOTHES WERE FOUND NEAR THE RIVER! HE PROBABLY HAD BEEN EATEN BY THE CROCODILES ---
I DECIDED TO SPEAK TO RIDGELY'S COMPANIONS FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY, AND THEY TOLD ME--
NO! INSPECTOR! RIDGELY'S DEATH WAS CAUSED BY AN OVER-WORKED IMAGINATION, NOTHING ELSE!
THE NEXT MORNING I WENT OVER TO THE SPHINX, WHERE I MET AN EXCITED NATIVE--
WHAT IS IT?
I BEG YOU EFFENDI, COME WITH ME! THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX HAS AWAKENED!
LOOK, EFFENDI, LOOK!
WHY, IT'S A MUMMY! WAIT A MINUTE, IT'S BLEEDING! HELP ME UNWRAP THE BANDAGES!
GOOD LORD! A CORPSE, WRAPPED IN MUMMY BANDAGES!


I IMMEDIATELY WENT TO QUESTION HASKINS AND LEWIS--
RIDGELY SCREAMED ABOUT A CURSE JUST BEFORE HE DIED! WHAT DID HE MEAN?
HE REALLY BELIEVED THE MYTH THAT ALL WHO VIOLATE THE TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX ARE DOOMED! JUST NONSENSE!
PERHAPS! BUT IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THE LEGEND SEEMS TO HAVE CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM- EDWIN MEECHAM, AN ARCHEOLOGIST!
GOOD LORD, BENTLEY! YOU DON'T THINK--
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! BUT I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!
LATER--
YOU'VE CALLED THE NATIVE POLICE, BH INSPECTOR?
YES, LEWIS! I MAY NEED ALL THE HELP I CAN GET! BY THE WAY WHERE IS HASKINS? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND FOR AWHILE!
THEN SUDDENLY FROM THE HEAD OF THE SPHINX---
LOOK!
WONDER WHO IT IS!
IT'S HASKIN'S!
I'M CONVINCED NOW THAT THE CURSE IS REAL! YES WE DISCOVERED A SECRET ROOM IN THE HEAD OF THE SPHINX! IT'S FILLED WITH A TREASURE! WE KEPT IT A SECRET! BUT I'D RATHER LIVE THAN BE RICH!
I PERSUADED LEWIS TO LEAD ME TO THE SECRET TREASURE ROOM!


LEWIS PRESSED A CERTAIN STONE IN THE SIDE OF THE STAIRWAY, AND THEN----
--A HINGED DOOR SLID SILENTLY OPEN FROM AN APPARENT SOLID STONE WALL!
COMING WITH ME, LEWIS?
NO, BENTLEY, THE INNER TEMPLE DOOR IS DOWN THIS CORRIDOR!
AS I SLIPPED ALONG THE PASSAGEWAY, I SUDDENLY FELT AS THOUGH THE WALLS HAD COLLAPSED ON TOP OF ME---
WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUNESS, I WAS LED TO A LARGE ROOM, THE INNER TEMPLE, AND THEN I WAS ADDRESSED BY A MAN WHO WAS SEATED---
A DEFILER, COME WE WILL SEE IF HE IS TO BE SACRIFICED LIKE THE OTHERS WERE!
YES, YOU WILL DIE, BY BEING THROWN FROM THE MOUTH OF THE SPHINX!
IF OUR LITTLE GODDESS SPEAKS, YOU WILL LIVE! IF SHE REMAINS SILENT, YOU DIE!
SO THAT'S HOW THE OTHERS WERE KILLED!
WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED! DO YOU THINK THE SPHINX SPOKE! AND WHO WAS THE MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THE BAND OF MEN IN THE SPHINX?

THERE WAS A LONG DRAWN OUT HUSH AS WE GAZED AT THE MINIATURE SPHINX, THEN--
BENTLEY MUST NOT DIE! THE TRUE DEFILER IS THE ONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SPIRIT OF THE SPHINX! HE IS AN IMPOSTER! HIS NAME IS RIDGELY!
FOOLS! IT IS ONLY A TRICK! GET HIM! KILL HIM QUICKLY!
THAT WAS A MISTAKE, RIDGELY! THROWING THIS IDOL AT ME!
WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME? KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
YOU THREW THE SACRED IDOL! YOU SHALL DIE!
BENTLEY! DON'T LET THEM KILL ME! YES- IT'S ME RIDGELY! I KILLED THE OTHERS SO THAT NO ONE WOULD SHARE THE TREASURE WITH ME!
BY KILLING THEM I GAINED THE CONFIDENCE OF THESE SPHINX WORSHIPPERS WHO THOUGHT I WAS PROTECTING THEIR PLACE OF WORSHIP! BENTLEY, THAT LEVER! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
"I RAN ALL RIGHT AND GOT OUT OF THAT ROOM JUST BEFORE THE ENTIRE ROOF TOPPLED DOWN! RIDGELY WASN'T FAST ENOUGH-----
"I DIDN'T STOP RUNNING UNTIL I WAS WELL OUT OF THAT PLACE! I MUST CONFESS, I WAS TERRIFIED!"
DID YOU EVER FIND OUT HOW THE MOUTH OF THE SPHINX OPENED? DID IT REALLY SPEAK? AND WHAT OF THE SECRET ROOM?
THE SECRET ROOM WAS FOREVER LOST, AND WITH IT WENT THE SECRET OF HOW THE SPHINX'S MOUTH DID OPEN! AS FOR THE IDOL SPEAKING! WELL I WAS QUITE A VENTRILOQUIST IN MY YOUNGER DAYS!

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I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY
WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME
THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING
JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!
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